The Vanishing Small Farmer *Peter Barnes*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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A Journal of Politics and the Arts — June 12, 1971, 50 cents

Drugs in the Military *Harold E. Hughes*

Nixon Desegregates *John Osborne*

The Veterans March *David King*

Sophocles & O'Neill *Stanley Kauffmann*

Spare That Pesticide *Muriel Allen*

Fingerprints *Sanford J. Ungar*

Humphrey Sets Sail *The Editors*

Book Reviews by Reed Whittemore, Arthur Mizener, Charles Thomas Samuels, Doris Grumbach, Peter Passell

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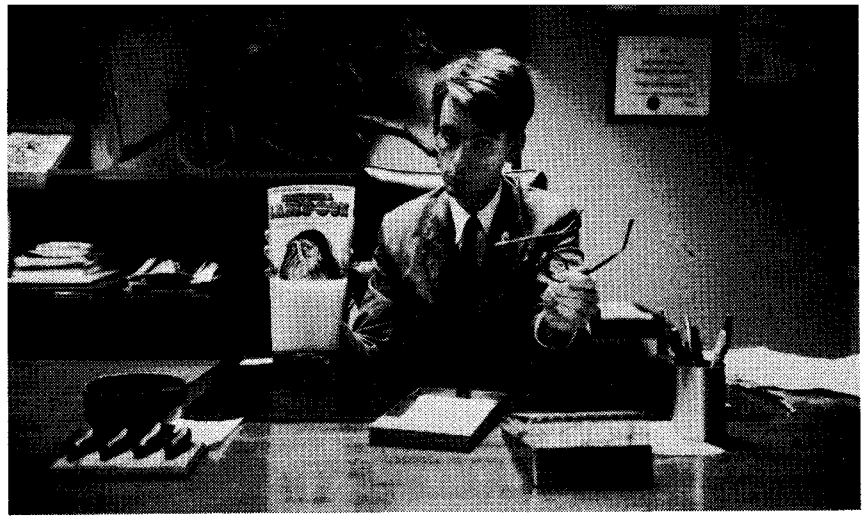

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Outfox the Fellow in the Bright Nightgown

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He was a two-quart-a-day man (double martinis on waking, if you will). Yet he detested messy drunks, and never missed a performance because of liquor.

He was an insomniac of such proportions that sometimes he could only achieve sleep under a beach umbrella on which a garden hose sprinkled imitation rain. Yet he referred to death (mysteriously, but without real aversion) as "the fellow in the bright nightgown."

He was unforgettably, incomparably, uniquely W. C. Fields, and his lesson was that style, style, style is all. Rhetorical style. Theatrical style. Psychological style. *Style, the surest outward sign of substance, of a special and original inward view.*

And so, it is to this sure, true, blithe spirit, "Uncle Willie," that we dedicate a new magazine. Our name: AUDIENCE. Our purpose: to outfox the fellow in the bright nightgown by keeping you alive to beauty, to humor, *to today.*

THE PEOPLE

AUDIENCE celebrates excellence wherever excellence is to be found — brownstone, commune, playing field, concert hall, garret, campus, proscenium, foundry, ghetto, chateau, Volkswagen bus.

Our Editorial Board is something else again:

Alan Arkin, Saul Bass, Saul Bellow, Robert Bolt, John Cassavetes, Charles Eames, Philip Johnson, Marisol, Inge Morath, Gordon Parks, Anne Sexton, Robert Penn Warren, Tom Wicker, John A. Williams.

THE GRAPHICS

AUDIENCE is published every other month — a magazine for enjoying at leisure. It comes to you in hard covers, without advertising — a magazine for saving. It is designed by Seymour Chwast and Milton Glaser, whose Push Pin Studios recently became the first American design group ever honored with an exhibition at the Louvre. Their pilot issue of AUDIENCE, by the way, has already won top honors from the prestigious Society of Publication Designers — an unheard-of coup first time out.

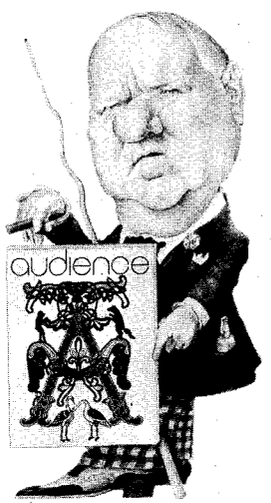
Specifications? Probably not even a Medici Pope could have commanded a book more opulent, more lavish. 216 square inches to the open spread. And depending on the contents of individual issues, a positively sensuous interlacing of papers. Papers for art reproduction, of a weight and quality for framing, and color plates by the bin. Rich tint papers for text. Typefaces of custom design. Foldouts. Stitchins. Endpapers. And for permanence, heavy board covers. In graphics, too, AUDIENCE is a celebration of style. A celebration of excellence.

THE DEAL

Where available in a very few expensive metropolitan bookstores, AUDIENCE will carry a cover price of $4.95 the issue, or $29.70 for the full volume year, numbers one through six. *A reward for becoming a Charter Subscriber, however, is saving almost half this cost — provided you're prompt in using our coupon:*

Volume I, Number One is now on the press, and as much as we'd like to accept all comers, the print order for this first edition has now been set — an accommodation to collectors.

"Don't let 'em bamboozle you, son,"



Fields once said, "but never drink anything stronger than gin before breakfast, either." Our magazine is guaranteed to please. But if, for some reason, our Volume I, Number One issue *should* leave you feeling bamboozled, return it, and so much for AUDIENCE and you.

CONTENTS OF THE VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE ISSUE

"It was Fields who taught us that a man's ideas are not, ultimately, as important as his imaginative stake in reality, and that Earl Long, in his pajamas, with his stripper, is indescribably preferable to Billie Sol Estes, with his Sunday-piety and sex-segregated swimming pool."

John Clellon Holmes has written the dedication of our premier issue to W. C. Fields with "Uncle Willy and Us" Drawings, Edward Sorel.

"Nijinsky had a pair of feet you'd have had to see to believe. His heels and the base of his toes were equidistant from his ankles. No other mammal with feet like that had ever been seen outside Australia."

Nelson Algren writes on a standing skirmish between the dancer and his impresario, Diaghilev, by way of proving an Algren theory that integrity in art is "a matter of who swings the mackerel." Illustration, Milton Glaser.

"Q. If you could change one character trait in yourself, it would be?
A. My shyness."

Answer on a Playmate Data Sheet, required of each candidate before her photograph, posed nude, is considered for a Playboy foldout. The hilarious piece is by Tom Meehan, and it's called "We Like to Find a Late-Maturing Girl." Illustrations, Robert Grossman.

"In a village somewhere in the Ukraine there lived a poor man called Todie. Todie had a wife, Shaindel, and seven children, but he could never earn enough to feed them properly. He tried many trades and failed in all of them. It was said of Todie that if he decided to deal in candles the sun would never set . . ."

Blend Sholem Aleichem with Hans Christian Andersen, and you get Isaac Bashevis Singer's "Shrewd Todie and Lyzer the Miser," one of two fables clearly marked for posterity in the issue. Illustrations, Seymour Chwast.

THE COUPON

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TRB

from Washington ®

Crime Fighting

If you commit a major crime in any big city today in America the chances are 98.5 in 100 that you won't ever go to jail for it, and that's why it's too bad that Attorney General John Mitchell has never completed that telephone call urged by Dr. Milton S. Eisenhower. Dr. Eisenhower, brother of the President, headed the 1969 presidential commission on violence, whose report has now sold 2 million copies.

The Eisenhower commission was one of a series of four consecutive presidential bodies all dealing with the most cancerous evil in America today, crime and violence. During 52 of 63 riotous months, 1965-1970, one or the other of these four groups was in full operation: Katzenbach, Kerner, Eisenhower and Scranton. They enlisted scores of blue-ribbon figures, employed hundreds of experts, spent tens of thousands of man-hours in research and cost millions of taxpayers' money. By and large, they all came out with the same findings of what causes crime and violence in America. And the curious thing is that the White House, to which the reports were made, has done little about it.

Recently two cops were gunned down in New York, another two in Washington, DC; tension is rising (along with the thermometer) in the big cities, and the frightened majority is reaching for "law and order" as the Democratic voters just did in naming a tough cop as their candidate for mayor of Philadelphia. And so – we may get another crime commission any day now. But wouldn't it be easier to get Mr. Mitchell to make that telephone call, the one that Dr. Eisenhower talked about in testimony to Congress last week?

Dr. Eisenhower wants Mr. Nixon to set up a panel of lawyers, chiefs of police, district attorneys, public defenders, members of the recent presidential commissions and the like, and let it act as friendly critic and adviser of the government's law enforcement efforts. It might help to implement some of those recommendations of various commissions. Last summer the whole idea was worked out, Dr. Eisenhower testified, by the American Bar Association, along with Mr. Mitchell; it received "the warmest kind of support," he said, and the thing reached the point where there was agreement on a chairman who was to launch the committee at a proposed White House conference. This was to be summoned, Dr. Eisenhower said, "shortly after the 1970 elections." "All that remained to be done was for the Attorney General to telephone the man selected to be the organizing chairman and invite him to serve," he said.

Dr. Eisenhower's voice grew rueful as he continued: "That is where matters stood in September, 1970. But from that day to this, as I understand the status of the matter, the telephone call has not been made."

The bell doesn't ring. And, in a way, you can see why. Every one of those commissions urged that, in addition to better law enforcement, there must be an amelioration of the social conditions that cause crime and violence. The Eisenhower commission pleaded for $20 billion for "general welfare expenditures." But through the 1968 campaign Mr. Nixon proclaimed that "the role of poverty as a cause of the crime upsurge in America has been grossly exaggerated"; he said crime is due to leniency, to a "soft" attorney general, to recent Supreme Court decisions that "have tended to weaken the peace forces."

Mr. Nixon's simplistic notions are shared by the Vice President who called the report prepared by Pennsylvania's ex-governor, William Scranton (named by Mr. Nixon), "pablum for permissivists."

That has been the Nixon-Mitchell approach to crime from the start. Take another aspect of the matter, handguns. There is "no question," testified former Attorney General Katzenbach, that rigorous control would reduce violent crime "significantly." We know many of the things that ought to be done, and yet they don't get done – "guns is one," he added. Speaking very slowly and emphatically, he continued, "And there isn't a police official in the country who doesn't know this." Three attorneys general, Robert Kennedy, Nicholas Katzenbach and Ramsey Clark all supported gun restriction; did he have any idea, he was asked, why Mitchell had been reluctant to do so?

"No, I don't," Mr. Katzenbach replied. "Mr. Hoover has always been in favor of legislation."

There are "perhaps 30 million" handguns loose in America, Dr. Eisenhower testified earlier (the sale has quadrupled in recent years). These are the real murder weapons. Polls of the public for 10 years, he said sadly, show an "overwhelming desire to curb handguns." But they are not curbed. The gun lobby is one of the most powerful in Washington.

As the hearings have progressed chairmen of three of the four great "social issue" commissions have now testified and Scranton, the fourth, will appear soon. Everyone says that the chief danger to America is internal, not outside. They do not say that crime will disappear with the elimination of social injustice, but they don't think that repression and tough cops will end it either. Dr. Eisenhower is an impressive man. He reminds you often of his brother. He finds "a bitter, divisive situation. There are, literally, arsenals being built by the extreme right and the extreme left. And if we saw trouble break out in this country it could be devastating."

Did he mean racial war? "It is possible," he answered grimly. "The weapons are there."

Americans are afraid to walk the streets at night. It is one of the most shocking social changes of a lifetime. Our criminal justice system is a mess: "It does not deter, does not detect, does not convict and does not correct," said Lloyd Cutler, executive director of the Eisenhower Commission. It is starved for funds. Law enforcement, said Katzenbach grimly, "gets tougher, and tougher, and tougher." Crime isn't diminishing. Here are Eisenhower's estimates: last year 10 million chargeable crimes (only about "half" reported). Of these, 1 million were "violent." Of the latter, 12 percent brought arrest; 6 percent brought conviction (often for a bargain lesser offense) and 1.5 percent brought jail. . . . Mr. Mitchell may telephone yet.

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Humphrey Sets Sail

The Democrats have an abundance of rivalries, if not riches. There is one candidate for the Presidency in 1972 who has declared himself, Senator McGovern; and one candidate who, if he were running, might lead the pack, but who will not campaign, Senator Kennedy; and one candidate who says he doesn't think much of the other candidates and might run himself, possibly on a third or fourth party ticket, Eugene McCarthy. And finally, there are a fistful of candidates who are not exactly waiting to run, they are running all right, but who are staying off the open track – Edmund Muskie, Harold Hughes, Birch Bayh, Henry Jackson, William Proxmire, Wilbur Mills and Hubert Humphrey. The law of political conservation of energy seems to dictate that you mustn't appear on the track too soon, for you'll run out of wind and bore the spectators. Look at what happened to poor old Estes Kefauver: nobody ran earlier or harder or won more primaries than he in 1952, and the Democratic nomination went to Adlai Stevenson on the third ballot.

Among the contenders, Hubert Humphrey, admired by *The New Republic* in 1960 as "clearly a man of Presidential stature," is especially intriguing. He has been warning his fellow Democrats against cutting themselves up in "fratricidal warfare" – a sentiment appropriate to the titular leader. He is not, however, proposing to sacrifice himself on the altar of party unity. "I've got the sails up. . . . I am licking my chops," he announced gaily on May 27. After all, Nixon, Dewey and Stevenson had a second crack at the White House, why not Humphrey? The ready answer is that no other candidacy, excepting Senator Jackson's, would be so conducive to "fratricidal war." Even for the *now* generation, the past is still with us. Three years ago Hubert Humphrey had his chance to unite his party for peace, to dissociate it from the hawkish policies of Lyndon Johnson. He flubbed it and thereby invited the discredit the Democratic Party deserved. Once is more than enough.

Like so many other Democratic leaders today, Mr. Humphrey says that he sees the war in Indochina differently than he did before – and can't a man change his mind? (More on that later.) A man can, and in the Senator's case, should. But the voters can and should judge a presidential candidate not only by whether he has kept in step with public opinion, but by whether he helped the public form

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a sound opinion on so critical an issue as intervention in Vietnam. Moreover, we cannot be sure even now what Mr. Humphrey really thinks the United States owes the regime in Saigon. Consider the following interchange on *Meet the Press* of February 28, 1971:

Mr. Spivak. Senator, if we get all our troops out of Vietnam but the war is still on, would you be for or against military aid of any kind for the South Vietnamese in helping to train their soldiers?
Sen. Humphrey. I believe that a form of economic assistance, technical assistance –
Mr. Spivak. I'm talking about military assistance.
Sen. Humphrey. Not active deployment in the area.
Mr. Spivak. Military equipment.
Sen. Humphrey. Military equipment.
Mr. Spivak. We have all our troops out. Would you send military equipment? Would you help train their soldiers?
Sen. Humphrey. If there was a threat to their national security, sir, I would treat the South Vietnamese as we do other friendly countries and other friendly powers. I surely do not want American forces there, but as, for example, as for technical assistance, as to military assistance, we would judge that on the basis of their need, just as we have with other countries such as Cambodia, Israel, etc.
Mr. Monroe. No air support?
Sen. Humphrey. No troops. The time is at hand to get our forces out of Indochina.

Putting to one side the question of whether Israel and Cambodia are comparable, or of comparable importance to the United States, what *does* Mr. Humphrey think Saigon may legitimately require of us in the future? No ground troops, to be sure. But more weapons, advisors, aid, air and naval support from bases outside Vietnam? If the answer is yes or maybe, how does his position differ from that of Richard Nixon, who hopes to get ground troops out by the fall of next year, and who likewise is disposed to continue underwriting the Saigon rulers "on the basis of their need."

At a breakfast with reporters recently, Senator Humphrey made two other changing-my-mind remarks which deserve notice they have not had. He has come to think that his defeat in 1968 "may have been the best thing for everyone," because "the country wanted a change – of party, of administration, and of personality." That goes far beyond the position of this journal, which had no preference in '68 as between Nixon and Humphrey, but has not come to believe that the outcome was for the best. What is striking about Mr. Humphrey's afterthought, however, is not its retrospective endorsement of the people's wisdom in 1968, but its characterization of our political system as a sort of two-car garage. Tired of the Chevy? – take the Ford. You'll get about the same gas mileage, breakdowns, repair service, but it's a change and good for you.

The Senator's second remark was in reply to questions on his participation in state primaries next year. Mr. Humphrey, it was plain, prefers to wait, allowing his rivals to exhaust themselves and bruise each other ("fratricidal war"), saving himself for the big events, perhaps the California and New York primaries. But what about Wisconsin, he was asked? Wisconsin law requires that the names of all candidates, declared or not, be placed on the primary ballot unless the candidate no later than the last day of February signs "a disclaimer stating without qualification that he is not and does not intend to become a candidate for the office of President of the United States at the forthcoming presidential elections"? Well, replied Mr. Humphrey, he would sign that disclaimer and ignore it: "I'm not going to let any little piece of paper deny me my right to change my mind." It does not seem to him that the exercise of that "right" is personally demeaning, or that it feeds growing skepticism about politicians in general, which it does. The skepticism sinks to despair when Mr. Humphrey goes on to endorse ex-cop Frank Rizzo for mayor of Philadelphia: "He is the Democratic nominee and I hope he wins" – *because* he is the Democratic nominee (he drives a Chevy), and the Senator doesn't believe "we ought to be tearing down the party." That Rizzo is the kind of Democrat who is tearing down whatever there is of the Democratic Party that makes it worth building up, passes Mr. Humphrey by; he doesn't distinguish the skin from the banana.

How boringly familiar this whole political scenario has become: deadlock at the convention, then a search for the familiar face as a compromise candidate, a backstage conference of the power brokers, among whom the most important are the big unions and the city machines, who provide the money and the muscle; the rest is trimmings. Not only a boring scenario but one that repudiates a mandate of the 1968 Democratic Convention, which set up two commissions on party reform, intended to democratize the methods by which convention delegates are chosen, to assure a truer representation of Democrats from each state at conventions, and to guarantee that the convention itself will be insulated against coercive manipulation. The phrase for this process is open politics, whose buoyant champion Hubert Humphrey once was.

COMING: Paul R. Wieck examines Birch Bayh's bid for the presidency

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A New Federalism

When he ran for mayor against John Lindsay, Norman Mailer drew upon Plato to advance the proposition that New York become the nation's first "city-state." It was perhaps Mailer's only Platonic reference, and like neighborhood power and other planks in his and running-mate Jimmy Breslin's platform, it was not taken seriously – except by Rep. Bella Abzug (D, NY) who last week announced the formation of an organization that will promote a city-wide referendum on petitioning Congress to make New York City the 51st state. She's on the right track. Nothing is more evident than that the present federal structure, which treats the cities alternately as mendicants and step-children, ill suits urbanized America. The city-state idea would give recognition to the truth that Lindsay governs a more significant jurisdiction than, say, Wyoming, in terms of the life, prosperity, and social health of the nation. Making states of big cities would entitle them to a set of firmly established prerogatives and emoluments they do not now have.

Lindsay more recently proposed another way to skin the cat. Speaking at a NATO-Nixon administration international urban conference on May 26, in (of all places) Indianapolis, he suggested the creation of 25 "national cities" of 500,000 or more population, thereby ratifying and expanding the direct relationship between big cities and the federal capital which developed during the early years of the Johnson administration. National cities would enjoy "broader financial support in order to insure functions of national responsibility." They would be freed from "the inequitable burdens and restrictions" imposed by states, said the mayor, as he nursed the wounds suffered in his latest budgetary battle with Albany. The Lindsay idea deserves wide discussion.

His proposal does run directly counter to the President's. Mr. Nixon would all but sever federal-urban ties and strengthen the hands of the states – most of whose legislatures are, as Lindsay noted, "dominated by anti-city interests." It was to be expected, therefore, that Vice President Agnew, who addressed the Indianapolis conference the following day, would argue that any such change would make cities "the wards of the federal government." He did not explain why they are better off as wards of the states.

Buried in an obscure bit of Congressional testimony by an Urban Institute economist, there is another promising approach to saving and renewing our battered cities. Richard P. Burton, appearing before a subcommittee of the Joint Economic Committee last fall, outlined a plan for "metropolitan states" which would encompass but not eliminate both cities and suburbs in metropolitan areas of a million or more population (defined by more sophisticated criteria than now used by the Census Bureau). Metropolitan areas, properly defined, are the basic units of life for more than three-quarters of our population; yet they are in a condition of virtual intergovernmental anarchy.

Is a plan such as Burton's politically feasible? Any effort to bring order out of anarchy by carving out wide units of metropolitan government will be resisted by entrenched jurisdictional interests – most recently the blacks who have gained power in major cities and understandably resist its dilution. Those interests must somehow be accommodated and can be. By transforming large metropolitan areas into states, we would be establishing a level of government that conforms to present-day realities, without surrendering local jurisdictions. In Burton's design, the metropolitan states would have boundaries elastic enough to expand when adjacent areas become "functionally integrated" with them. His is the kind and size of idea that could make a New Federalism work.

War Power

President Nixon opposed Senator Mansfield's proposal to halve the number of US troops in Europe not only because he thought it wrong, but also because he viewed it as an unacceptable intrusion upon his constitutional prerogative in the conduct of foreign affairs. A characteristically unambiguous letter from Dean Acheson in the *Washington Post* of May 25 supports the President in both these positions.

As we see it, the "ancient mariners," as Mr. Acheson calls them, who rallied round the President on this occasion were right to think that a sudden, unilateral and deep reduction of American forces in Europe would be harmful just now. All in all, Senator Mansfield himself may have thought so. His purpose, as we noted at the time, may not have been to achieve his stated purpose, but rather to exert dramatic pressure for negotiations on a thinning-out of troops on both sides. At any rate, the prospect for those negotiations between NATO and the Warsaw pact nations has brightened. But the President, Mr. Acheson, and whichever of the ancient mariners agreed with them on this score as well, are palpably wrong in viewing the Mansfield proposal as an infringement of the President's constitutional prerogative.

Of course, as Mr. Acheson points out, quoting from a rather grandiloquent (though not incorrect, as far as it goes) opinion of the Supreme Court of a generation ago, it belongs to the President to negotiate treaties and otherwise to treat with foreign nations. The Senate can ratify or not, and the Congress as a whole can appropriate money and otherwise legislate to implement the President's understandings with foreign

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and around the Green. Cataldo appealed to them to accept an alternative camp site on Lincoln Park, though he did not specify what advantages it had over the Green. While he spoke there was only one interruption, which was immediately shouted down by the veterans. When Cataldo finished they decided with a unanimous cheer to remain on the Green.

Cataldo was looking extremely harried. He's the head of an efficient small town political machine that normally bases its support on the shopkeepers and the service personnel. The more liberal elements in the town, the lawyers and the professional men, who relate primarily to the larger Boston community and tend to ignore town politics were occupying the Green in large numbers. Cataldo had to stand by and watch his political base rise up and engulf him while he tried to save his skin. He told the press that he feared violent action from the conservative elements of the town if the veterans were allowed to remain on the Green, though he did not tell this to the veterans when he spoke at 11 p.m., and he never explained why the move to Lincoln Park would make any difference in this respect.

The selectmen's only alternative was either to bust the entire group or back down. They decided to bust, but not until 3 in the morning, ostensibly in order to obtain buses to transport the prisoners, but more probably in the hope that most of the nonveterans would have left by then. When the bust came, it was peaceful, almost friendly. The veterans had been rapping all night with the police who were patrolling the Green, and had been assured by many of them that they did not want to make any arrests. At the several meetings during the evening the chairman made a plea to be considerate of the police: "They're just doing their job like we did in Vietnam." As the arrests were made, the veterans and many townspeople walked into the buses with their hands behind their heads like POWs. One of the first to be arrested was Philip La Voie, a disabled veteran on crutches who could not get arrested in Washington and was determined to be arrested here. He confronted the police and forced them to take him. One guy offered police the use of his Volkswagen microbus to transport people, himself included, to the sanitary department garage where the demonstrators were being taken, an offer which the police declined politely. After two hours and nearly 500 arrests, the police gave up. There were still about 100 townspeople and veterans on the Green. They occupied themselves by cleaning up the area.

BUSINESS WANTS PEACE
LABOR SAYS STOP THIS DUMB WAR
EVEN US OL' VETERANS WANT OUT
LITTLE OLD LADIES IN TENNIS SHOES FOR PEACE
FATHERS AND SONS FOR PEACE NOW
CHICAGO SUN-TIMES
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"I hope you aren't going to let being right about all this go to your head."

At the sanitation garage the veterans decided to pay a fine the next morning so they could continue on to Boston. About 150 townspeople were released on bail that evening; the rest waited on the cement floor of the garage to stand trial. For six hours on Sunday morning, demonstrators were processed at Concord Court House by District Court Judge John P. Forte. Charges of disorderly conduct were dropped at the beginning of the proceedings. Most of the demonstrators received $5 fines which they paid with funds donated by the community. As the veterans and citizens (some old people, some small children) left, they were cheered by the residents of Concord and led to a carpool that would take them back to Lexington and the First Baptist Church. From there, they walked through Lexington to the Follen Community Church, where they were given dinner, and then they were driven to within a mile of Bunker Hill, where they arrived at about 9 p.m. Though Metropolitan district commissioner John Sears had denied them permission to sleep on the monument grounds, the police relented at the last minute, providing the vets abided by noise and litter regulations. Late Monday morning, the veterans, now about 300 strong, completed their march through Charlestown and Boston, performing guerrilla theater on the way to Boston Common for a "celebration of life," which followed a ceremonial breaking of the plastic M-16s.

The success of the veterans demonstration and their rapport with the communities was in some ways puzzling. Most of them had long hair and beards. Both liquor and drugs were in evidence throughout the weekend, and you would have thought the swearing

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was enough to alienate bystanders. While most of the vets were candid and friendly, a few appeared to have something frightful locked up inside. Yet despite their irreverent behavior and their freakish appearance, they succeeded in seducing the emotions of almost everyone they encountered during the weekend. One of the reasons was their essential humility. Unlike college radicals, the veterans' revolution is a conservative return to the precepts of 1775. Thus, one of the demands they read on Friday night was that "the Congress of the United States cease immediately acting in tandem with the executive branch and meet its responsibility under the Constitution to protect the interests of and safeguard the rights of all the people of the United States." They reacted as individuals to anyone they met. They did not estrange people by attacking their values. Simply, they were friendly, orderly, peaceful and constructive.

You can't dismiss the VVAW as the lunatic fringe because their conduct belies this, and they set an uncomfortable precedent by being the first veterans in the nation's history to protest against a war in which they fought. They do not wish to glorify their service to their country, but to insure that it *is* a service by forcing Vietnam's lesson on the nation. The selectmen of Lexington, like the federal government in Washington, found out that there is little you can do to the VVAW that does not turn to its advantage. To governments that base their power on any silent majority, the Vietnam veterans are like a sore spot on a dog that he can neither scratch nor lick.

David King

MR. KING *graduates this month from Harvard.*

Financing Higher Education in Ohio

The new Democratic governor of Ohio, John J. Gilligan, is asking the legislature to transfer a considerable portion of the cost of higher education from the state to the students, and the proposal has generated a flurry of opposition. The governor thinks the bulk of what is now state subsidy should be transformed into loans which students repay. The repayment obligation, which would apply only to those in the state university system, not junior or technical colleges, would have force only after a former student has earnings of $7500 annually or more. Payments would be geared to income and would begin at $50 a year.

A multitude of administrative questions have been raised and not answered. How would the state keep tabs on former students? Would women be liable when their family income exceeds $7500? Would Ohio residents be eligible for state loans to attend private universities or out-of-state universities? Students and educators, in a moment of rare union, are arguing the Gilligan scheme would undermine the sacred principle of higher education as a public service. President Claude Sowle of Ohio University charges that, "It is unsound from a philosophical standpoint. . . . It is discriminatory in that it imposes upon our college students direct repayment responsibilities not imposed upon recipients of other state services." In reply, the governor says universities need cash and this is a way to raise it, though he has not convincingly argued that his plan is superior to other revenue-gathering mechanisms.

If the Ohio Plan dies, and it is brown around the edges, most students and educators will be pleased. And yet there is a case to be made for it.

The creation and maintenance of a higher education system requires the expenditure of resources, resources that could be utilized for other purposes. Higher education is not a free commodity, as the current financial distress of many state universities illustrates. The question then is: who shall pay for these resources? The answer has been that, for the most part, the state pays. The state, however, derives its revenues from individual taxpayers and thus the question of subsidy to college students involves the social desirability of transferring resources from one segment of the population to another. Not everyone in a state is entitled to enjoy, if that is the proper word, higher education. The admission of students into universities is quite obviously a class-related process; a greater proportion of the top-income half of families have children in college than bottom-income half families. Perhaps more importantly, college education bestows upon the student, for a variety of reasons, an extra income-generating potential. Combining the factors of class origin and greater income potential, students emerge as a relatively wealthy portion of the population and the effect of the state subsidy is, therefore, to transfer wealth from the relatively poor to the relatively rich. Any case for below-cost tuition provided on a general basis to all students, with no regard to personal or family financial circumstances or potential earnings, will have to demonstrate that this upward income transfer, at odds with the egalitarianism expressed by students, is outweighed by the benefits.

There is also a less evident issue here. State subsidies *provided directly to universities* tend to undermine the accountability of those universities to student interests. Students may be the primary consumers of the university's services, but the university does not have to stand the test of consumer satisfaction, at least in the usual sense of the term. The university system thus becomes distorted from the student point of view; the

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university structures itself to please political entities that control the cash, and faculty are free, generally, to offer whatever product they deem desirable, regardless of the wishes of their captive consumers. Putting the student in the position of controlling significant income to the university changes the game somewhat. Insofar as the Ohio Plan would provide students directly with the power to sanction and reward the university organization, the university would necessarily become more responsive to *collective* student interests – interests that may or may not coincide with the selective nonrepresentative student interests that manifest themselves in periodic demonstrations.

Eventually, if one extends the implications of the Ohio Plan, the distinction between private and public universities would be reduced, perhaps eliminated, and such political instruments as regents and trustees and the like, designed to substitute for accountability to primary consumers, would be diminished in their influence. A refreshing possibility.

Being more powerful within the university system, students' status would be altered. It is not unreasonable to predict that they would become more "responsible." By virtue of bearing the burden of payback, they would be impressed with the full value of the resources they consume; the decision to enter college, and thus give up potential earnings, and subsequent decisions while in college would take on a new character. They would be less likely to make unlimited demands on university resources. The Ohio Plan, then, has potential for altering the university educational structure in a fashion that would be quite in line with student interests. This potential has not been publicly examined either by the governor or those who are its harshest critics, but it is worth consideration.

P. Nelson Reid

MR. REID *teaches Social Welfare at Ohio University in Athens.*

Washington, Spare That Pesticide!

The threat of a relatively strong Administration bill to control pesticides and an even more restrictive bill introduced by Sen. Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin has brought the major chemical companies and the national farm organizations together against the ecologists and the American people. The pesticide apologists gained a tactical advantage when leaders of the agrarian establishment in the House won their fight to consider the Administration's bill not in the commerce committees, but in the conservative agriculture committees. As in last year's farm bill debate, the Nixon administration again underestimated the power of men like Rep. Jamie Whitten, of Mississippi, chairman of the House Agricultural Appropriations Subcommittee, and Rep. W. R. Poage of Texas, chairman of the House Agriculture Committee.

The proposed Federal Environmental Pesticide Control Act of 1971 would require registration of all pesticides manufactured and distributed in the US. Current law covers only those moved in interstate commerce. The agricultural establishment in Congress agrees with the American Farm Bureau Federation and other farm organizations that stricter regulation of chemicals would mean "higher food costs to consumers, and increased costs to farmers." So farm state congressmen insist that agricultural chemicals should not be viewed as pollutants; after all, they guarantee an adequate food supply for the American consumer.

The opposition is directed at the guts of EPA's plan for uniform state standards – a classification system for registering pesticides. Products would be placed in one or more of three categories of use: general, restricted for highly toxic substances, and by permit only for persistent compounds likely to leave residues in food. Restricted use pesticides could be handled only by licensed applicators. But Parke Brinkley, president of the National Agricultural Chemicals Association, says this classification system "is completely impractical and unnecessary." NACA claims the restricted categories would make pesticides too expensive for farmers to use. The association would like to see most pesticides put into the general category to minimize loss of sales by assuring easy availability.

Chairman Poage thinks it is entirely possible his committee will eliminate the "permit only" category by merging it into the restricted classification. This would make careful monitoring of the most dangerous pesticides difficult. EPA administrator William Ruckelshaus has testified that DDT, widely used on cotton and other agricultural crops, should go into the permit only category.

Senator Nelson's bill, co-sponsored by Senator Humphrey, would shift research from private industry to government and place a tax on each importer and manufacturer of pesticides based on his wholesale selling price. The revenues would go into a national pesticide and control research trust fund. Nelson would also require the EPA administrator to determine whether a biological or other alternative means for controlling a pest is available before the agency issues a registration. The chemical companies fear this, too, would reduce use of traditional pesticides.

Chemical company executives heard House committee members ridicule the credentials of environmentalists and then got a request from the chairman to bring in their own specialists to refute the scien-

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tific arguments of the ecologists. In such a congenial atmosphere, the manufacturers naturally decided to push their case even harder. R. E. Naegele, manager of Dow Chemical Company's agricultural department, reeled off a long list of the biggest manufacturers who have "either drastically reduced" or discontinued research and development work on new pesticides. The man from Dow issued an ultimatum: "Without continued rather than abandoned research, there will be no new pesticides, safe or otherwise."

The companies Naegele named read like the Who's Who of the agricultural chemical industry and included Olin Mathieson, Allied Chemical, Standard Oil of New Jersey, American Oil Company and International Minerals and Chemicals. Other major firms which have cut back on pesticide research are Shell Chemical Company and Chemagro. Increased R & D costs and the rash of court cases challenging current uses of agricultural chemicals are causing many companies to reexamine their investment priorities. Funds are being diverted to defensive research on existing products or into other less controversial areas.

Ruckelshaus argues that the classification system will make it less risky for manufacturers to invest in new products. With the government's position clearly spelled out, the companies would know which new formulations would be likely to be considered safe and efficacious. The industry answers that the current public furor over pesticide pollution has made many modestly profitable agricultural chemicals "strictly marginal." In any case, the unannounced retreat from new product research, which started several years ago for some firms, means it will be years before companies could tool up to their old research levels again. They are determined to use the old products whatever their effect.

Since current pesticide legislation was enacted 20 years ago, agricultural chemicals have blanketed the landscape and environmentalists are now forcing the courts to compensate for deficiencies in the law. It no longer makes sense, however, to dump the whole problem into the judicial process, nor is it safe to presume that powerful weed and insect killers present no imminent hazard to human health when many scientific tests have linked some of them with birth defects and cancer in animals.

Even the chemical companies have said new legislation is needed to streamline administrative procedures. Old-line conservation groups have given qualified support to the Administration's bill, calling it "a good first effort." If President Nixon is serious about his environmental crusade, he must turn back the campaign against controls.

Muriel Allen

MISS ALLEN *covers Capitol Hill for the* New York Journal of Commerce.

The Nixon Watch

More Desegregation

The President continued last week to let his underlings in the Departments of Justice and Health, Education and Welfare behave as if there were no Southern Strategy and as if he enjoyed enforcing the law in the way the Supreme Court says he must. There still is a Southern Strategy, reduced though it largely is to assuring white Southerners that this-hurts-me-more-than-it-hurts-you, and it cannot be believed that Mr. Nixon relishes the degree of public school desegregation that he is now compelled to ask the lower federal courts to compel him to require in school districts where the remnants of legally imposed racial segregation persist. But, however cynically the process of enforcement may be viewed and explained, it is gathering momentum and liberal critics of the Administration may as well face the fact that their image of the President in this regard is outdated.

The Administration's first response on May 14 to the Supreme Court's expanded mandate of April 20 left open the possibility that the tough requirements for more desegregation and more busing in the Austin, Texas school district might be bargained away in private discussions between HEW and Justice officials and the Austin authorities. That possibility vanished when Jack Davidson, Austin's superintendent of schools, visited Washington with the president of his school board, Will Davis, and the board's attorney, J. M. Patterson, Jr. Neither HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson nor Attorney General John Mitchell nor Edward L. Morgan, the White House assistant who monitors school enforcement for the President, deigned to meet them. The senior HEW officials who did were General Counsel Wilmot Hastings and Civil Rights Director Stanley Pottinger. David Norman, acting Civil Rights Director at Justice, represented Mitchell. The Austin delegation pleaded that the HEW plan submitted to the federal district court in Austin would require the purchase and manning of 240 additional buses and a first-year increase of more than $2 million in public expense, and impair rather than improve the quality of education in a disrupted school system. The complainants had the theoretically persuasive backing of Texas' two senators, Republican John Tower and Democrat Lloyd Bentsen, powerful figures in a state that Mr. Nixon needs in order to win reelection in 1972. The plea and the political support were in vain, as might have been foreseen from the terms in which the senators had expressed their objections. Tower, taking his cue from the White House, put the onus on the federal courts rather than upon the Administration. Bentsen denounced HEW's alleged lack of courtesy and consultation in its earlier dealings with

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the Austin district, not the HEW plan in itself. Pottinger refused to budge on essential points and the Austin group, despairing of help from Washington, went home prepared to fight out the issue in court.

Next on the enforcement list were Nashville, Tenn., and another Texas district, Corpus Christi. In both, as in Austin, federal district judges had done the Administration the favor of ordering it to submit HEW-Justice alternatives to local board compliance plans. Secretary Richardson and Pottinger checked out their Nashville and Corpus Christi recommendations, as they had checked their Austin plan, with Mitchell at a meeting in his office on May 25. Again, as in the pilot discussions of the Austin plan, Mitchell approved desegregation measures that went far beyond what the local school authorities proposed. In Nashville, under a plan that met HEW requirements before the Supreme Court invalidated them with its April 20 decisions, more than half of the black students attend high schools with 90 percent or higher black enrollments, and nearly half of the black elementary students are in 10 schools attended by only 78 white students. The combined Nashville and Davidson County school district proposed to improve but not eliminate this situation by busing 35,600 elementary and secondary students to schools outside their neighborhoods. HEW asked the federal district court in Nashville to require the busing of 49,000 students in a pattern that would eliminate all instead of some majority-black schools. A softer alternative that would have left one majority-black high school was discarded before it was submitted either to Mitchell or to the Nashville court. In similar fashion, the milder of two alternative plans for Corpus Christi was discarded within HEW. Forty-nine percent of Corpus Christi's public school students are Mexican-Americans and 6 percent are black, making a "minority" total of 55 percent, and 80 percent of all "minority" pupils are in schools attended mostly by students of their own kind. HEW asked the federal court to establish a system-wide racial ratio that corresponds approximately to the community ratio.

Tougher situations, from the Administration's standpoint, remain to be dealt with in Southern urban districts that are under court order but have not as yet been called upon by the controlling district or appellate courts to amend their present attendance patterns. The word from Attorney General Mitchell in regard to these school districts is to let the concerned courts take the initiative. As of June 2, his civil rights division hadn't heard of any such initiatives being taken and was not about to prod the responsible judges into action.

The most difficult situations are in the relatively few urban districts of the South that previously chose to meet HEW's standards, now outmoded, without going to court. One such is in Columbia, the capital city of Senator Strom Thurmond's South Carolina, where less than half of the black students are in majority-white schools and many schools that are nearly or entirely all white and all black survive. HEW, Justice and White House officials know quite well where the others are – to all effects, they are the urban and semi-urban Southern districts that are not under court order. The officials in question, principally Secretary Richardson and Attorney General Mitchell, nevertheless were having an awful time last week, trying to decide how to put these pesky districts on notice that they have to make some changes. Large amounts of high-level executive time and energy went into arguments over whether to write directly to the superintendents of each affected school district or to put the monkey on state Superintendents of Education by asking them to tell the local officials that HEW and Justice will be after them if they don't volunteer more desegregation than they have tolerated so far. How to use the President's recently enlarged Cabinet Committee on Civil Rights and its affiliated biracial state committees to further compliance with the new standards at minimum political cost was also a subject of intense official discussion. The result up to last week was little more than a conviction that there ought to be some way to accomplish the necessary changes without irretrievably alienating white Southern voters in disastrous numbers. If there is a way, it is through continued reliance upon the courts to do the dirty work, and this rather than administrative termination of federal school funds will in most if not all instances be the chosen way.

As I have reported, the Administration does not welcome public emphasis upon its readiness to take the court route when the law requires it. A positive effort is necessary in order to extract from the Mitchell Justice Department the details of its record in this respect. No general announcement, other than legally required publication in the widely unread *Federal Register*, accompanied the Attorney General's recent issuance of guidelines that on their face should strengthen his hitherto weak enforcement of the Voting Rights Act. Between February 5 and May 28, the Justice Department initiated or joined other plaintiffs in 15 court actions to further school desegregation in the South; 15 others to enforce fair housing laws; seven to punish denial of public accommodations to Negroes in the South; nine to penalize or terminate police and prison abuses and to require equal hiring and treatment of minority policemen; and four to enforce fair employment practices. One is moved to say: Sorry, Mr. Mitchell, but there the record is, raising hell with the Nixon-Mitchell image and the Southern Strategy.

John Osborne

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40,000 Addicts

Hard Drugs in the Military

A recent estimate from the Provost Marshal's office in Saigon – the first official admission on the subject with any semblance of realism – indicates that between 10 and 15 percent of the American troops in Vietnam are on hard drugs. We are talking about 30,000 to 40,000 addicts in uniform. The prevailing drug is heroin – or "skag," as the GIs and users here at home call it.

In the past year, the Senate subcommittee on alcoholism and narcotics has been investigating the drug problem in our armed services as an extension of our continuing investigation of the drug epidemic in our civilian society. This investigation was initiated with the consent and cooperation of Senator John Stennis, chairman, and Senator Margaret Chase Smith, ranking minority member, of the Armed Services Committee. The subcommittee staff has conducted extensive on-the-spot inquiries into drug use in our military bases in Vietnam, Thailand, Korea, Europe, and elsewhere overseas, as well as at our bases in this country. On the basis of the information we have obtained, I would say that the estimate of 30,000 to 40,000 addicts is on the conservative side.

The reflex of the armed services to the drug problem, for which they were totally unprepared, has been a caricature of the blind, moralistic reaction of our civilian society. To most of the military brass, drug addiction is a crime for which the answer is strict enforcement and harsh punishment. In their view, addicts are a disgrace to their uniforms; the most prevalent solution is to drum them out of the armed services with a less than honorable discharge.

Obviously, this is no solution. On the contrary, it fatally compounds the problem, for these men, trained in violence to defend their country, are being returned home afflicted with a deadly, crime-inducing disease they can't control. In America, where the cost of illegal heroin and other narcotics is high, the only way that most addicts can support their habit is by crime. In other words, as we release increasing thousands of addicted servicemen back into our society, we are inviting a horrifying addition to what is already the major source of crime in our cities.

Our staff investigators in Southeast Asia found that narcotics are as readily available as chewing gum and cigarettes in this country – and cheap. Heroin is strong – 97 percent pure, as compared to around five percent in most of the illegal, domestic US heroin. Fewer than a fourth of the 260,000 troops we have in Vietnam are in combat units. For the remaining 200,000, time is heavy on their hands. They are lonely, homesick, bored. With drugs plentiful and cheap, it is understandable how the average GI can ease into full-fledged addiction without realizing it. Like the alcoholic who never has a hangover because he never sobers up, the habitual skag smoker may not know he is hooked until he leaves the area and begins to suffer withdrawal symptoms.

Efforts by the military are token, even by comparison with efforts in our civilian society, which is saying something. The necessary amnesty for addicts who seek treatment is slow to be accepted by the brass or to be trusted by the GIs. Only a few high ranking officers, like General John J. Tolson, as Commanding Officer of Fort Bragg, have recognized the crisis and moved to meet it. But now the bugles are being heard – even at the highest DOD levels. You can't drum men out of the services by the regiment without impairing our national security.

Throughout the nation, people have been scared stiff but this has not been translated into official or civic action on a realistic basis. Efforts to fund programs to control the epidemic of chemical addiction in this country have not been popular. But now, perhaps, this has been changed. We get calls from state and local officials we had never heard from before. Public officials are beginning to rush to get involved in the drug act. It would be ironic if the one great victory of Vietnam were to be the awakening of our country to the deadly crisis of the drug epidemic – but, if so, this is no small achievement.

What can be done? I have studied the problem long enough to know that there are no sure-fire solutions, but here are some thoughts.

General: We will never control the drug problem until we get at the source of the problem – the addiction itself. This means diversified programs of treatment, rehabilitation, and preventive education. Not every addict responds to the same treatment. We are talking about massive effort, massive funding. It will pay back the investment many times over.

Enforcement of drug laws and control of illegal imports? Yes, these are important. International efforts to control the poppy culture in Turkey and the large-scale refining of opium into heroin in France for illegal export to the US? Yes, we should explore all

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possibilities without delay. But realistically, poppies grow in Thailand and elsewhere. Where there are huge profits to be made, man's ingenuity is unbounded. And heroin is only one of a vast and bewildering variety of dangerous substances. I am convinced that we will never control the drug problem simply by trying to shut off the supply. We must get at the source – the addiction.

Military: Begin with careful screening to avoid inducting individuals who are already drug dependent. One reason we have a severe drug problem in the armed services is that some men inducted brought their addiction with them.

Universal drug treatment, rehabilitation, and preventive education programs throughout the armed services. Universal amnesty policies for drug addicts seeking help that are set forth and backed up by the highest levels in the DOD.

No GI with a drug problem should be discharged to return to society until his addiction is under control.

For the benefit of those already discharged from the armed services with addiction problems and of individuals who will be struggling with addiction in the years ahead, we need to have complete programs for the treatment and control of chemical addiction in our Veterans' hospitals.

With public concern rising about the hard drug epidemic in Vietnam, there is hope that our government will be pushed to make the big moves required to save thousands of young American men from living death. In the meantime, with 260,000 American servicemen still in Vietnam, the epidemic is worsening and the massive flow of drugs and addicts from Southeast Asia to our homeland is bound to increase. Can anyone doubt that the first and most obvious step toward correcting the situation is to get our troops out of Indochina?

Harold E. Hughes

HAROLD E. HUGHES, *United States Senator from Iowa, is chairman of the Senate subcommittee on alcoholism and narcotics.*

And See Who Salutes

Raising the Flag

The Continental Congress adopted a design for a national flag on June 14, 1777, and ever since, June 14 has been more or less set aside as "Flag Day" in the country, a time to display Old Glory from the front steps and an excuse for politicians to speak of the flag, honor, patriotism.. When Confederate troops threatened to stamp on the US flag, Barbara Fritchie vowed that she would choose death over insult to the stars and stripes, whereupon the Confederate leader said (according to John Greenleaf Whittier), "Who touches a hair of yon gray head/Dies like a dog! March on!" Shortly before the United States got into World War I, a crowd in Butte, Mont., tried to force a man of German extraction to kiss the flag. He protested that Old Glory was "nothing but a piece of cotton with a little paint on it," and consequently was sentenced to 10 to 20 years hard labor under Montana's flag desecration law.

Prison penalties for desecrating the flag range from none in New Hampshire to 25 years in Texas. But it wasn't until 1968 that Congress passed a federal flag desecration law, which makes it a crime to "knowingly cast contempt upon any flag of the United States by publicly mutilating, defacing, defiling, burning or trampling upon it." Guilty persons are subject to fines up to $1000 and a year in jail. During House debate on the level of penalties, Rep. James H. Quillen (R, Tenn.) said: "Anything short of a firing squad is all right with me." There have been as many "flag desecration" arrests, trials and court appeals in the last six years as in all the preceding years of our history. A few cases are now winding their way to the Supreme Court, and chances are that one or more will provide a significant decision on whether the state and federal statutes are constitutional or whether, as the defense generally contends, the laws violate the guarantee of free speech in the First Amendment to the US Constitution.

Meanwhile, research is showing that the flag has indeed been put to many uses over the years, almost all of which have gone uncontested. Attorney Bernard L. Segel, who cooperates with the American Civil Li-

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berties Union in handling flag desecration suits, unearthed these illustrations involving (so one might argue) some kind of demeaning of the flag: A canceled (defaced) six cent flag stamp; a bikini designed in red, white and blue and modeled after the flag; a photograph of Roy Rogers and Dale Evans in flag vests; dinnerware with flag designs; a beer serving tray with the flag design on the bottom; a toilet seat with a flag design on top (the seat itself was advertised as being "Wedgewood blue"), and a photograph of Lincoln and McClellan in a tent, eating from a table covered with a flag.

Recent court cases illustrate that the flag desecration laws have been enforced unevenly and unfairly. Cowboy star Rogers and his wife could appear in public with their flag vests and win cheers, but when Yippie leader Abbie Hoffman wore a shirt that resembled the flag he was arrested by Capitol policemen while waiting to testify before the House Un-American Activities Committee (now the Internal Security Committee), charged with intending to cast contempt upon the flag and sentenced to pay a $100 fine or spend 30 days in jail. Three years later, a US Appeals Court upset the conviction, saying Hoffman was brought to trial not because he had desecrated Old Glory, but "because of his well known public image which is highly controversial." In Happaugue, NY, a young housewife was arrested for flying her American flag upside down to protest the war in Southeast Asia; but no action was taken when a nearby American Legion post flew its flag upside down to protest the government's "dovish" reaction to North Korea's seizure of the *Pueblo*. In Nassau County, NY, the district attorney threatened to arrest any person displaying the emblem of Women Strike for Peace, an emblem consisting of a peace symbol superimposed on the flag; but no threat was issued to persons displaying an emblem including the flag and the slogan: "America: Love It or Leave It." Nor were any arrests made when New York State farm products were advertised in a poster displaying the likeness of Gov. Nelson Rockefeller superimposed on the flag and potatoes in place of the stars. A 16-year-old youth was arrested in Alexandria, Va., for wearing a tricolor vest; the youth was from Boston, and an Alexandria judge handed the youth a mild, but medieval-like, sentence: banishment from the city until the age of 21. A few days later, in an Alexandria city parade a man marched unchallenged wearing an Uncle Sam suit with flag symbols. He was escorted past (not into) the court house by city motorcycle policemen.

Uneven enforcement of the flag desecration laws is often intended to harass peace demonstrators and young persons with long hair and beards. A bearded youth was arrested and charged with violating New York's flag desecration law because he was driving a car painted red, white and blue and decorated with a star on the hood. Other kids have been hauled in for sewing a flag on the seat of their pants, using the flag as an auto seat cover and even reporting to an Army induction center dressed in undershorts but with an American flag slung over their shoulders. A spokesman for the Flag Research Center in Lexington, Mass., says "the commercial misuse of the flag is much more extensive than its misuse by leftists or students. But this is overlooked because the business interests are part of the establishment."

Defenses in flag desecration cases – while winning a majority in numbers – have so far been only nibbling away at the state and federal statutes. Most victories have been on narrow grounds; in Minnesota, for example, a man was acquitted for displaying a flag with a peace symbol instead of stars when the judge ruled the flag at issue was not a flag within the meaning of the state law. What lawyers handling flag cases want is a Supreme Court resolution of present judicial ambiguity on "pure" v. "symbolic" speech involved in flag use. Two years ago the Court ruled that persons can't be punished for merely saying contemptuous things about the flag. The Court also has ruled the First Amendment protects certain "symbolic" speech used to convey ideas (thus putting a constitutional umbrella over such actions as wearing antiwar armbands and flying certain flags of protest). The unresolved issue is whether a constitutional line can be drawn between "symbolic" use of the flag to criticize the government and any use – "pure" use – of the flag for such purposes. Two flag cases have come before the Court: in 1969, it overturned a flag desecration conviction of a man who burned a flag and made a radical speech, but the overturning came because the justices said it was unclear whether the man was convicted for the burning or for the speech. Early in 1971, the Court divided 4 to 4 and thus let stand the conviction of a New York City art dealer who used the flag in his antiwar sculptures. Among the cases pending before the US Appeals Courts now, and thus among the cases which might wind up before the Supreme Court, is one involving a man arrested on the day of President Nixon's inauguration for tying a small flag around his index finger and then holding up his hand with the middle and index fingers in the V-for-peace sign.

The attorneys defending the New York art dealer put it as well as anyone: "Under our system of government, it cannot be a crime for a citizen to cast contempt upon any symbol of government. Since casting contempt inevitably involves the communication of an idea, it cannot be made criminal."

by Robert W. Dietsch

MR. DIETSCH *writes for the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance.*

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Something Everybody Has, Including J. Edgar Hoover

Fingerprints

Everyone who has recently applied to barber school in Florida, for a permit to carry a gun in Detroit, to be an elevator operator in any government building in Washington, or for a license to be a real estate agent or insurance broker in a number of states, has one important thing in common: his fingerprints are on file with the FBI.

The Identification Division of the Bureau, what with duplicate prints and those of dead persons, now has an estimated 200 million fingerprint cards on file – the entire contents of a building with barred windows in southeast Washington. In return for the courtesy of submitting "applicant-type" fingerprint cards on all their people, the "contributing agencies" – the Florida barber college, Detroit police department, US General Services Administration and state real estate and insurance commissions, among others – draw on an enormous FBI resource, its "arrest-type" cards. The agencies learn whether any of the prospective barbers, gun registrants, elevator operators and other licensees have ever been arrested anywhere in the United States on anything more serious than a simple traffic violation. The odds are overwhelming, however, that they do not learn what happened as a result of any such arrest, whether there was a conviction, acquittal, sentence or indeed whether the case was ever prosecuted at all. And never mind whether the "applicant" was a juvenile at the time of his arrest; as Bureau director J. Edgar Hoover pointed out in a frank "letter to all fingerprint contributors" last January 22, "The FBI has no provision for keeping certain fingerprints such as might be submitted on a juvenile in a separate or confidential file."

The FBI Identification Division, special agent Beverly E. Ponder, chief of its "Technical Section," told a federal court in Washington last month, is overworked, besieged by fingerprint submissions running as high as 30,000 a day. Unless the police department which made an arrest undertakes to inform the files of its final disposition, the information never gets there – not even if the arrested individual attempts to submit it himself. And there is no prospect that the Bureau, which had to ask Congress for several extra millions of dollars last year just to continue doing a halfway job with its identification services, will in the future go after the dispositions on its own.

The occasion for the unusual court appearance by Mr. Ponder and for some deep dark revelations about the fingerprint files, was the trial before federal Judge Gerhard A. Gesell of a lawsuit brought by Dale B. Menard, a young man arrested in Los Angeles on a burglary charge in 1965 but released after two days without having been prosecuted ("a detention only," Los Angeles police records note). Mr. Menard, whose father is a lawyer, took that route after failure of repeated efforts to have the police request expungement of his arrest record from the FBI files. He was worried that he, like many others, might suffer unforeseen consequences when potential employers learned of his arrest.

Officially, there is no way that an employer would necessarily know that Mr. Menard was arrested in his student days. Unless he was applying for a job that required, for example, a routine low-grade security check. Or some law enforcement agency – any one, even on a local level – came into the picture. Or a bank, which, as an institution insured by a federal agency, has the same opportunity to draw on the FBI identification files as a county sheriff. Or any member of Congress, whose requests for such material are honored on the mere citation of a "public-interest-type reason."

Responding to a legitimate law-enforcement need, the FBI established its complex identification system in 1924. It was an obvious and successful means of linking a person arrested in one state to a previous criminal record in another. Untouched by any federal legislative restrictions, however, the Identification Division grew into a monster; its mandate for collecting a vast range of "applicant-type" fingerprints – and in turn distributing others – comes, in most instances, from state and local laws and ordinances. The state of Florida, in its wisdom, has determined that barbers ought to be fingerprinted, so they are. Inevitably, there have been abuses among the 14,000 different "agencies" entitled to receive arrest records just because they contribute information. Sometimes the Bureau steps in, when it learns of the illegitimate use of fingerprints, to have a local employee reprimanded or fired. In the past ten years, it has put a total of six agencies out of the 14,000 on a "restricted list" for periods ranging from 10 days to several years. (Only two are on the list now, the Cabazon, California, police department and the Northumberland County, Pennsylvania, sheriff's office.)

Judge Gesell said in court that he was impressed with the "complete candor" and openness of Mr. Ponder's testimony. But he was puzzled by the need to

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have prints on file for the elevator operators who carry him to his office every morning, as well as for everyone else who ever goes to work for the federal government on any level; and he was distressed by the FBI's reluctance to include an "applicant" himself on the mailing list whenever the Identification Division disseminates an arrest record in response to an "applicant-type" request.

Mr. Ponder interpreted the Division's functions as pure public service. When the FBI suspended some of the controversial distributions for six months last year for reasons of budget and manpower, he explained, it was met by a torrent of protest. Letters of complaint were submitted in evidence from, among others, the governor of Alaska and Sen. Howard Cannon (D, Nev.), who cited his state's need to prevent infiltration of its gambling industry by unsavory outside elements.

There is little that the judge can do. Even as Judge Gessell deliberated over his decision, the machines were whirring to computerize the FBI identification and arrest records for efficient distribution by 43 separate state centers. What the banks, insurance and real estate commissioners, barber licensers and other authorized agencies choose to do with the prints they get from such mini-monoliths as the New York State Information Services – well, that is a matter for state regulations, Mr. Ponder explained.

Meanwhile, in the files of all fingerprint contributors, lay the January 22 Hoover letter dealing with expungement of arrest data. "All arrest data furnished to us is available for dissemination to any duly constituted law enforcement agency or agency of the government, either local, state or federal," he said. "For example, if charges are dismissed or an individual is found not guilty, we can retain the arrest fingerprint card and you submit and merely post final action as disposition data. This procedure, of course, will result in the arrest data being quoted to anyone entitled to receive it."

Generally, You're Entitle.

Sanford J. Ungar

MR. UNGAR *is a reporter for* The Washington Post.

Land Reform – II

The Vanishing Small Farmer

by Peter Barnes

Yghish Bulbulian's face is weathered, his pace somewhat slowed. But when he looks back at what he has left for his son Berge and his grandchildren, Yghish Bulbulian is a proud man.

Born in Armenia at the end of the last century, Bulbulian fled his homeland during World War I when more than a million Armenians were slaughtered by the Turks. He arrived, penniless, in California and settled near Fresno, where a large colony of Armenians had gathered. For several years he worked as a field hand in the San Joaquín and Imperial valleys, managing to save a few pennies each payday. By 1929 he was able to scrape together $500 for a down payment on 20 acres, part of a homestead that was up for sale. He, his wife and son worked ten hours a day, seven days a week in the fields, and when they weren't working their own land they were hiring themselves out to others.

In 1943 Bulbulian added 30 acres to his farm, and every decade or so thereafter he added more. Today, he and his son grow grapes and currants on 150 acres; though he's 78, he still helps plant, irrigate and box his crop. His income has not been high, but there were enough good years to permit some amenities. Father and son now live in comfortable, well-furnished houses, and drive late model cars.

It's no rags-to-riches story, and Bulbulian is no Horatio Alger figure, but he is an example of the many immigrant farm hands who, through frugality and hard work, rose to become farm owners. Unfortunately, he represents a dying breed.

In the 1920s, when Bulbulian got to California, it

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was natural for field laborers to aspire to become small farmers. Today it is almost unthinkable. For the same 20 acres that Bulbulian bought 40 years ago for $500 down, an aspiring farmer now would need $12,000 down. Moreover, it would be pointless for him to buy only 20 acres; he'd need at least four times that to have a fighting chance. And while Bulbulian could make do, when starting, with two mules and a plow, his contemporary counterpart would require thousands of dollars worth of tractors, chemicals and other equipment. Little wonder that few persons without an inheritance or outside income are entering farming, or that the number of farmers of Bulbulian's size is rapidly shrinking.

US Department of Agriculture statistics tell the story: in 1950 there were 5.4 million farms in America: today the figure is around 2.9 million. As the number of farms declines, the average size of remaining farms increases: it's now over 380 acres, compared to 215 acres 20 years ago. And as agriculture steadily becomes more mechanized, it comes to be dominated by those who have capital – the most successful family farmers, and the giant corporations. Thus, in 1969, the largest 40,000 farms, representing less than two percent of the total number, accounted for more than one-third of America's farm sales.

These are the broad statistics. Behind them are the economic forces, abetted by government policies, which say to the small farmer: either get bigger or get out. The pattern is typically like this: a farm of 80 or 160 acres has belonged to a family for generations. It is squeezed by rising local taxes, the high cost of farm equipment, and corporate competition. The old man dies or retires. What will the children do? To survive as farmers they must expand and mechanize. The other option is to sell, perhaps to a suburban developer, perhaps to another farmer who is expanding. The latter course is easier, and increasingly it is the one that is chosen.

The trend towards corporate farming greatly intensifies the pressures on the independent small farmer. This trend is strongest in the South and West, particularly in Florida, California, Texas, Arizona and Hawaii, where large land units have long been the rule. Big canners like Minute Maid, a subsidiary of Coca-Cola, and Libby-McNeill & Libby, own an estimated 20 percent of Florida's citrus groves, compared with less than one percent in 1960. Corporate farms in California account for 90 percent of the melon crop, 46 percent of the cattle sold, 38 percent of the cotton produced and 30 percent of the citrus fruits. Two conglomerates, Purex and United Brands, now control one-third of the green leafy vegetable production in the United States, and the list of other blue chips lately plunging into agriculture, according to the Agribusiness Accountability Project, includes Tenneco, Gulf & Western, Penn Central, W. R. Grace, Del Monte, Getty Oil, Goodyear, Monsanto, Union Carbide, Kaiser Aluminum, Aetna Life, Boeing, Dow Chemical and American Cyanamid.

Why are major corporations suddenly fascinated with farming, a business where profit margins are generally small? The motives are chiefly three: land speculation, tax dodging, and the development of integrated "total food systems."

Suppose for example that a company invests $1 million a year of nonagricultural earnings in improving a large tract of farmland – by planting pear trees, say, or laying irrigation pipes. It pays no taxes on the $1 million, and can even deduct from its remaining taxes the cost of caring for the trees until they bear fruit, and the depreciable value of the irrigation pipes. Then suppose, as is usually the case, that each dollar thus invested creates a corresponding increase in the market value of the land. Suppose further that the company sells the land to another corporation at the end of ten years. Its profit on the land sale is then approximately equal to the earnings it has invested over the decade – in this case, $10 million. However, these earnings are now in the form of capital gains, and are taxed at 25 percent rather than 48 percent. Thus, the company has made a multimillion dollar profit at the taxpayers' expense. Any income the farm may have produced during this period is frosting on the cake.

Many corporations have their eyes on farming for another reason: they see vast profits accruing to vertically integrated conglomerates that control every stage of the food production and distribution process from raw nitrogen to precooked soufflé on the dining table. They are aware of the fact – indeed, they are largely responsible for it – that profits in the food industry go increasingly to companies in the food *business* rather than to farmers: in 1969 only 33 cents out of every dollar spent on food went to farmers, down from 40 cents two decades ago.

No single company better exemplifies the corporate plunge into farming than Tenneco, formerly Tennessee Gas and Transmission. In addition to its oil, natural gas and shipbuilding interests, Tenneco controls over a million acres in California and Arizona, mostly as a result of its purchase in 1967 of Kern County Land Company. It also produces agricultural chemicals and owns J. I. Case, a manufacturer of farm machinery, Heggblade-Marguleas, a leading California farm management firm, and the Packaging Corporation of America.

Tenneco makes money out of its landholdings from all directions. First, of course, are the tax-privileged revenues from oil and gas that lie beneath the surface. Then there is land development, the ultimate stage in the speculative game. Tenneco has half a dozen major developments planned or underway in California. One

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is the Pine Mountain Club, a 3200-acre recreational community in Los Padres National Forest, about an hour's drive from Los Angeles. Another 6000-acre development on the outskirts of Bakersfield will include an industrial park, a shopping center, a golf course and a retirement community. One of the company's cleverest gambits was to donate 370 acres near Bakersfield for a new state college. (Lands for UCLA and the University of California at Irvine were similarly donated by large landholders.) According to Simon Askin, executive vice-president of Tenneco, the college "enhances the value of an additional 6500 acres of company land."

It is Tenneco's multi-faceted agribusiness operations, however, that cast the longest shadow over the small farmer's future. Tenneco's aim, says Askin, "is to accomplish integration from the seedling to the supermarket." The company is already far advanced along that road. It grows, on magnificently irrigated former Kern County Land Company farmlands, an enormous diversity of crops, including corn, potatoes, barley, sugar beets, cotton, almonds, grapes, oranges, lemons, peaches, pears and plums. For capital inputs it has its own agricultural chemicals and farm machinery. For processing and packaging it has a huge new plant near Bakersfield, more than six times as large as a football field. It is currently testing a brand name identification program which, it hopes, will make the Tenneco Sun Giant label a household word in foods.

Against this kind of competition, what chance does the small farmer have? He survives or fails on his crop income alone. He does not have the benefit of outside earnings, or the luxury of converting current income into future capital gains. He might wish to expand or to buy more equipment, but to do so he must use his own money, not the Treasury's. When local property taxes rise because of encroaching suburbia, the large corporation can absorb the increase as a hedge against future speculative profits. For the small farmer higher taxes simply mean a decrease in the income on which he must live. Nor can he recoup farming losses with profits from machinery, chemicals, processing, packaging or marketing. If he is not paid enough cash for his crop, he is wiped out, regardless of how profitable the other stages of food production might be.

Corporations have other advantages over small farmers, including access to credit. According to a Department of Agriculture study in 1966, corporate farmers are able to borrow nearly twice the proportion of their assets that family farmers are. Corporations also enjoy the government-sanctioned privilege of exploiting their employees to a degree unparalleled in any other industry. The federal minimum wage for farmworkers is $1.30 an hour – 30 cents below the minimum paid to all other workers. And while it is a felony for ordinary individuals to harbor illegal aliens, it is not a crime for growers to employ them. Such laws as these not only abuse farmworkers; they also hurt the self-employed farmer, who, in order to compete with the giant growers, winds up having to exploit himself.

Farming corporations receive further government aid in the form of subsidies. Among these are payments for reduced crop production. Since farmers with large landholdings are able to "not-grow" more crops than are farmers with small holdings, their subsidies are more generous. Charles Schultze, former director of the Budget Bureau, estimates the total cost of farm subsidies at $9 to $10 billion annually, the lion's share of which goes not to poor farmers, who need it, but to the corporate giants. Last year, the J. G. Boswell Co. of Calif. received federal subsidies totalling $4.4 million; Tenneco got $1.5 million; the Florida-based US Sugar Company collected $1.1 million; the Delta and Pine Land Company of Mississippi bagged $814,000. A newly enacted $55,000 ceiling will reduce some of the largest handouts this year, but the limitation has too many loopholes (for example, the ceiling is computed on a per crop and per nominal owner or lessor basis) to be effective.

Subsidies also come in the form of water, delivered to many farmers' doorsteps by federally-funded reclamation projects. The price paid by water users is well below the actual cost of delivering the water. Most of the cost of building dams and aqueducts is charged to the general Treasury and to hydroelectric power consumers.

In theory, federally subsidized water is legally barred from delivery to farms of more than 160 acres, and to all absentee-owned farms. In practice the law is widely violated, to the detriment of the family farmers it was intended to help. Thus, small farmers in California are now being hurt by the delivery of new water to lands owned by Tenneco, Getty Oil, the Tejón Ranch, Standard Oil of California and the Southern Pacific Railroad, among others. Production of fruits and vegetables from these heretofore arid lands will soon flood the market, thereby driving down prices. Much the same fate awaits small farmers in the Pacific Northwest, where vast lands controlled by Boeing, the Burlington Northern, Utah and Idaho Sugar, and Amfac of Hawaii are about to receive federally-dammed water from the Columbia river.

Welfare is another indirect subsidy to large growers, though they're not inclined to admit it. It allows them to use laborers for a few months, then cast them aside, secure in the knowledge that they'll survive until the following year's work season, without having to be paid a living wage. On top of this are the millions spent by federal and state governments on agricultural research – a subsidy that no other industry enjoys. While some of this research helps the small farmer,

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the bulk of it is aimed at breeding crops and designing machines for large-scale farming.

What will be the future of American agriculture? If present policies continue, the answer seems fairly obvious: the poor will be squeezed, the rich will be subsidized, and in the end only the biggest and best integrated operations will survive. The prospect pleases corporate moguls like Bank of America ex-president Rudolph A. Peterson, who has called for a program "to enable the small uneconomic farmer – the one who is unable or unwilling to bring his farm to the commercial level by expansion or merger – to take his land out of production with dignity." It terrifies small farmers, many of whom are no less efficient than their giant competitors, but simply less favored by government policies.

One vision of what American agriculture may look like can be found in the February 1970 issue of *National Geographic*. Here are stunning photographs of an egg factory near Los Angeles where two million caged Leghorns gobble 250 tons of feed and lay one million eggs each day; a cattle metropolis in Colorado where 100,000 steers are fattened on formulas prescribed by computer; a $23,000 tomato harvesting machine, developed by the University of California, that snaps up specially bred tomatoes for farmworkers to sort while taped music purrs in the background.

These photographs of contemporary marvels are accompanied by an artist's depiction of an early 21st century farm (if that is the proper word) as foreseen by USDA specialists. All operations are monitored by one man from a bubble-top control tower. An enormous remote-control tiller rolls across a ten-mile-long wheat field on tracks that keep it from compacting the soil. Another gigantic machine automatically waters a ten-mile field of soybeans, while a jet-powered helicopter sprays insecticides. Alongside a monorail track stand a pair of skyscrapers for cattle. Behind them are several illuminated plastic domes containing controlled environments for growing strawberries, tomatoes and celery. A USDA expert outlines some other possibilities: hills will be leveled with nuclear energy in order to flatten extra-long fields; sensors buried in the soil will find out when crops need water, and automated irrigation systems will bring it to them; airplanes, computers and closed-circuit TV will be as commonplace as tractors today.

A somewhat different vision of the future – not endorsed by the USDA – can be found in a gently sloping field near Watsonville, California. It focuses on human beings rather than technology, on giving present-day Yghish Bulbulians a chance to advance themselves rather than be cast into ghettos and *barrios*. Here on the edge of the Pájaro valley is a bustling new enterprise called the *Cooperative Campesina*, a farming cooperative formed slightly over a year ago by four Mexican-American families, now expanded to twenty-five and still growing.

The economics of the cooperative are relatively simple. There are 140 acres under lease, with 80 planted in strawberries and 60 in zucchini squash. (Eventually all will be planted in strawberries.) To avoid hassles the land is divided among the members by lottery, with each family responsible for its own parcel. Stawberries were chosen as the principal crop because they provide a high return and are labor-intensive; there is no machine yet in sight that can pick them. Each acre of strawberries produces about 3000 trays per year, and each tray sells for about $3. Thus, one acre earns about $9000 a year. Expenses, not counting labor, come to about half that, so each family will earn about $12,000 the first year if all goes well, plus whatever additional income comes from the squash. The second year, when expenses are lower, they'll earn more. With four or five family members working steadily in the field, the earnings don't amount to much on an hourly basis – perhaps $1.20 per hour. But total family income will be two or three times what it was when they were hired laborers or sharecroppers. In addition they'll have equity in the co-op, and the satisfaction of being their own boss.

It wasn't easy to get the co-op started – the initial members had to scrape up $500 apiece, then look around for credit. The Farmers Home Administration, a federal lending agency, turned them down. Local banks, under pressure from a large local grower, were hesitant, but finally Wells Fargo came through with a $150,000 crop loan, to be repaid after the first strawberry harvest in 1972. An OEO-funded consulting firm, the Central Coast Counties Development Corporation, lent another $100,000, which will be repaid in three years. With $250,000 in hand, the co-op was able to purchase tractors, root stock and chemicals. Now it is in as good a position as the established growers, if not a better one: it's the only commercial strawberry producer in California that doesn't have to worry about labor troubles. By next year it will be marketing strawberries under its own *Cooperativa Campesina* label, and its members see no reason why within five or six years they can't become a dominant factor within the $60 million strawberry industry.

If the co-op prospers, its members don't plan to hoard the wealth. They intend to open up membership to as many poor families as the enterprise will support. "We have a saying in Spanish," says Refugio Pinedo, one of the founders and now secretary of the co-op. "*Agua que no te tomas, déjala correr.* Water that you cannot drink yourself, let it run for others."

This is the second article in a three-part series on the need for land reform in America. The series will conclude with "The Case for Redistribution."

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Epilogue to "Z" — an Athenian Tragedy

Christos Sarzetakis, the Greek magistrate portrayed in the movie Z, is to be court-martialed for resistance to the army regime. His trial will complete a cycle of incidents which has reversed the fortunes of all the principals in the Z case since the 1967 military take-over in Greece.

To recap, the movie recounts in quasi-documentary form the 1963 assassination of Gregory Lambrakis, a deputy of the United Democratic Left (EDA). As Lambrakis emerged from a political rally in the northern capital of Salonika, fighting broke out between his supporters and right-wing demonstrators. In the confusion a motorcycle with a sidecar ran down Lambrakis. Another EDA member of parliament, George Tsarouchas, was mauled and as he was being taken away in an ambulance the demonstrators dragged him from it and beat him again. Lambrakis died after five days in the hospital. Tsarouchas survived.

The Salonika gendarmerie termed the murder a traffic accident and the beating of Tsarouchas as the unhappy result of excessive political zeal. But Christos Sarzetakis and a muckraking journalist, George Bertsos, set out to probe deeper. Bertsos gave the case much-needed publicity. Sarzetakis finally brought down an indictment charging that the death of Lambrakis was no accident but a political assassination, plotted by right-wing extremists. He alleged that if the police did not know about the plot, they had probably turned a blind eye to it.

Sarzetakis indicted 31 persons, including six gendarmerie officers and three gendarmes. One of the officers indicted was the inspector general for northern Greece, Lieut. General Mitsou.

The prosecutor of the Supreme Court attempted to have the indictment shelved. But finally, three and a half years after the killing, the case was brought to trial. Two men were found guilty of inflicting serious bodily harm and sent to prison: the driver of the motorcycle (a teamster) and the man who was riding in the sidecar (a house painter). They were sentenced to terms of 11 and 8½ years respectively. The court said the two men had "not acted out of base motives." The gendarmes were acquitted of complicity but were found in dereliction of duty and discharged.

All this happened a few days after Christmas in 1966. Four months later, the army seized power.

The first prime minister appointed by the colonels was the Supreme Court prosecutor who had meddled with the indictment.

Three weeks after the coup, the journalist, George Bertsos, was arrested. A year and a half later he was tried on charges of publishing secret government papers related to armaments, convicted and sentenced to three years' imprisonment. That same month, the retired gendarmes were rehabilitated. Lieut. General Mitsou was retired honorably and his pension restored. Two other officers were reposted to their old stamping ground, Salonika.

Meanwhile, George Tsarouchas had died in suspicious circumstances. At the time of the coup, he had gone underground in Salonika. He suffered from a heart condition. In May 1968 he needed treatment which he could get only in Athens. The resistance was trying to transport him there when their car was stopped on the highway by the Salonika gendarmerie. An official government statement said Tsarouchas died of a heart attack. However, the driver of the car, who later escaped from Greece, said that Tsarouchas had died of police beatings. The Human Rights Commission of the Council of Europe, which investigated the matter, hedged. It would only say that Tsarouchas may have died as a result of police brutality.

The driver of the motorcycle was released from prison in November 1969, having served his time on a prison farm and won a significant remission of sentence. His partner was released from prison three months ago. His 8½-year term was considered to have run from the time he was first taken into custody in 1963. He got a six-month remission of sentence.

At the time of the coup, Sarzetakis was in Paris on a leave of absence working on a doctoral degree. A month later, he returned to the bench in Greece. In 1968, along with 29 other judges, he was fired on the grounds of partiality. (The colonels suspended the constitutional guarantee of judicial tenure for three days to accomplish this task.) Sarzetakis was given no severance pay, no pension despite twelve years on the bench, and was refused a license to practice law.

For three years Sarzetakis drifted in a jobless limbo, fighting various appeals against his dismissal. He became more and more involved with opponents of the regime and last year appeared on what for him was the wrong side of the bench as a witness for the defense in a resistance trial. He was arrested in Salonika last Christmas eve and detained. Now he has been accused, together with a group of lawyers who have been active as defense counsel for resistance leaders before military tribunals. They are charged with conspiracy to commit sedition and contravention of a law on explosives, beefed up by the colonels to allow application of the death penalty.

Sarzetakis was arrested by Gendarmerie Captain Mitsou, the son of the inspector Sarzetakis had originally indicted in the Z case.

Robert McDonald

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Antigone

(Vivian Beaumont)

Long Day's Journey Into Night

(Promenade)

Two great tragedies are now being performed in New York. Well, not performed really, but outlined.

The *Antigone* of Sophocles was Hegel's ideal of tragedy, and I'm not about to quarrel with him, although I expect to go to my grave without deciding whether *Antigone* or *Oedipus Rex* is the best play ever written. *Antigone* is the great work about choice (the conscious), *Oedipus* the great work about fate (the unconscious). Hegel esteemed the former because *Antigone*, which was 440 years old when Christ was born, epitomized for him the human condition as he saw it around him. He saw that the conflict between men is not between good and evil (how many men are evil, consciously evil?) but between opposing visions of good. People behave according to what they take to be truth, not according to what they take to be falsehood, but each man's view of truth is necessarily partial. And each man takes his partial truth for the whole. Hence our disasters.

Creon, though hot-tempered, is a king obeying tradition, law, and the duties of kingship, rigorously free of favoritism to his family. Antigone obeys the obligation of sacred family ties at the expense of law and continuity and peace. Their conflict kills Antigone and Creon's son, affianced to Antigone, and Creon's wife, and it ruins Creon; yet which side was (in Hegel's terms) without spiritual value? The issue here is the burial of a dead rebel, but it is prototypical of virtually every divisive issue in human affairs. If Creon had wavered, it would have been corruption to him; if Antigone had wavered, it would have been corruption to her. The play ends with Creon desolate and repentant, seeing that the truth he thought whole was only partial. But if he had spared Antigone and condoned her law-breaking, she might well in time have come to see that her own truth was limited.

The chief conceptual defect of John Hirsch's production with the Lincoln Center Rep is that it takes sides from the beginning, thus subverting Hegel (let alone Sophocles!). Creon is fierce, Antigone is fine, and that is more or less that. A heroine and a heavy are created, in post-classic sentimental vein.

There are some other flagrant faults. Although Charles Cioffi speaks well as the chorus leader, most of the chorus members are dreadful and are badly managed by Hirsch. The choruses become a posing, patched-up bunch of interludes, nothing choric at all about them in speech or movement, quite unlike the choruses staged by Michael Cacoyannis and Alexis Solomos elsewhere.

The setting is a huge frieze by Douglas W. Schmidt with gigantic figures that have pieces missing from them. Does Schmidt think that the Greeks *erected* ruins?

But there are assets. The translation by Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald is springy and live, immediate yet not vernacular. The music by Lukas Foss sounds Greek. Almost nothing is known of ancient Greek music, so if it sounds Greek, it's Greek. The costumes by Jane Greenwood have good thick sculptural feeling.

As Antigone, Martha Henry shows intensity and intelligence. Her face is notably undistinguished, but her voice pounds with some force. (Tandy Cronyn, the Ismene, has an excellent theater face but an undeveloped voice.) Henry has little fire or commanding stature, but in a modestly competent, resident-theater way, she gives a credible, clear performance.

Many have said that Philip Bosco overdoes Creon, that he starts too high, etc. Academically, that's true. But the part has apparently been designed by the director as a villain of sorts, and Bosco is fulfilling the design. The really astonishing thing about his performance is that, though he does start high, he doesn't run down; he can sustain it. I can't think of many other American actors who have Bosco's vocal range and stamia, or his feeling for style. Here is an actor who can be a king without silly pomp, who knows how to carry in his dead son's body and lament over it. Bosco lacks certain refinements of artistic intelligence, particularly in realistic drama; his performance in *An Enemy of the People* this year was almost monochrome. But he is one of the few Americans really at home in classic and romantic drama. (What a curse!)

Long Day's Journey into Night is, by uncommon consent, the best play ever written on this side of the Atlantic. Compared with the greatest work I know about the birth of an artist, Knut Hamsun's novel *Hunger*, O'Neill's drama is somewhat naive and idealistic.

(Continued on Page 35)

Films Worth Seeing

Claire's Knee. Sixteen-year-old Beatrice Romand is superb in Eric Rohmer's quiet, intelligent *pas de quatre* of muted desire. French classicism lives! On film!!

La Collectioneuse. An earlier Eric Rohmer, again classically French. The summer of a man and a 19-year-old-girl – with the desire a bit less muted. Not quite *Claire's Knee*, but satisfying.

The Confession. Yves Montand's face is the political map of 20th-century Europe in Costa Gavras' ingenious film about the 1952 purge trials in Czechoslovakia.

Derby. A stark quasi documentary about a young factory worker who wants to get into roller derbies. Robert Kaylor, director and cameraman, gets the feel of the races and the world they enliven.

The Hour of the Furnaces. Four hours and 20 minutes of Argentine revolutionary propaganda by Fernando Solanas. Politically questionable but marvelously made and quite unforgettable. (Being shown mostly on college campuses.)

Little Big Man. Dustin Hoffman is better than Arthur Penn's film, but there are humor and bite in this picaresque morality tale of a Western trapper who lives alternately in white and Indian cultures.

SK

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The Kennedy Legacy As Thriller

On Instructions of My Government by Pierre Salinger

(Doubleday; $6.95)

If Ian Fleming had written this novel, his readers might have noted the low level of sex life and the high level of political savvy in it, but have been otherwise unsurprised; another day, another nuclear-warhead melodrama. Since Pierre Salinger wrote it there is reason to read it not as melodrama but as a showing of how White House people think. My guess is that the *proper* way to read *On Instructions of My Government* is as both; it is an ex-presidential Press Secretary's idea of what a thoughtful novel is, which is melodrama.

As melodrama it keeps looking like life, life as lived and dreamed in our country's highest governmental places. The prime source of the book is not Ian Fleming but the Cuban missile crisis; Salinger moves Robert Kennedy's book about that crisis, *Thirteen Days*, up to 1976, replaces Cuba with a South American republic named Santa Clara, and puts Red China rather than the Soviet Union in the role of secret planter of intercontinental missiles within range of our cities. The model is therefore government crisis-life as lived by the Kennedys, whose tragic attachment to melodrama still haunts us; but the model is of course not merely historic. The possibility of another missile crisis is always present, so Salinger may reasonably fantasize another crisis and run it through again. The only catch is that looking at the crisis as a future possibility, rather than a current or historical fact, gives one time to reflect, to imagine *other* possibilities or at least other thoughts, conversations and actions than those Salinger gives us – to imagine in other words a more spacious mental world at the White House in crisis-time than the Ian Fleming sort of thing. Salinger's assorted *tough political pragmatists* – some smart, some stupid – are the kind who may, in the best James Bond tradition, outsmart the Red Chinese, but never understand them or have other than Fu-Manchu encounters with them. And no matter how hard the reader may try to remind himself that Salinger's characters are fictional, the old Cuban reality, with its cast, moves in.

How *does* one talk to the enemy? In the Salinger book one moves from grand platitude to small talk – that is, from benign nonsense about the ultimate destinies of nations to talk about tennis – and never approaches the necessary intimacy where one mind impinges on the other, where the general and particular, public and private, meet. There is no significant private life and thought in *On Instructions of My Government*; the novel is efficient, sticks to business, never moves beyond the conditions of melodrama – which is fine except for the nagging, unliterary questions: was it (is it) like that at the White House? did (does) James Bond rule *there*?

It is wholly appropriate that a White House press agent's vision of our country shows the country's future inexorably molded by an unfortunate newsbreak (the incumbent liberal President is overheard playing politics with the nuclear shebang, with the result that he loses the election to a Goldwater type). It is also appropriate that the press agent, since he is a Democrat, make his melodrama Democratic in its politics, and have the good guys favor foreign aid to progressive regimes abroad, while the bad guys itch to back fascist generals and drop the Bomb. It is even appropriate that this press agent find villainy in the Press in the form of a *conservative* TV journalist (what would Spiro say?). Yet behind these conventional assumptions there remains the emptiness of melodrama itself, of minds quick on the draw but glued forever to their chosen righteousness. *This* is the James Bond heritage, and it emerges constantly even in dialogue that is obviously close to the Cuban business Salinger lived through. Here is a characteristic snippet of businesslike, crisis-conversation that could well have appeared, but for necessary changes in detail, in Robert Kennedy's *Thirteen Days:*

> "The great danger," the President continued, "is that they might actually believe we would launch a preventive attack."
>
> "There's always that risk," said Trask. "But I wouldn't read too much into their redeployments. I think they're just as much a propaganda response as this first broadcast."
>
> "I don't know that I agree," said Adams. "This is the first time they've had to face joint American-Soviet action. We're pushing them very hard. And we have to measure the

Dusk to Dawn

Mrs. Wurlitzer has taken away the darkness
Out there in the wild grass.
She has bought herself an artificial sun
To keep off robbers and rapists and everyone
Who covets what Mrs. Wurlitzer has.

Mrs. Wurlitzer has a voice like a public-address system.
Her arms fold with a snap! across her chest.
She trundles herself along the walk like a wheelbarrow;
No weed dares poke his head out in her lawn.

But she has not yet noticed that when the big light
Comes on at dusk, under the silent oaks
The shadows are blacker than ever. Anything
Might hide-and-seek there. I think the joke's
On Mrs. Wurlitzer.

CONSTANCE URDANG

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deterrent effect of what we're doing against the possibility that they believe we do intend to attack."

"If they do go off the deep end," said Rand, "we're ready for it."

His words hung in the air ominously.

"No," said the President. "We took the hard line because we had no choice and I wouldn't countermand a single order I've given. But we're not going to push the Chinese into a corner where they think – even wrongly – that the only way out is war. We have to leave them an option, a very clear option, short of that."

The attractions of John and Robert Kennedy to youth and intellect have long been part of the Kennedy mythology, and to the degree that Salinger moves within the Kennedy orbit and has been himself an active, high-level Democrat-politico, we may reasonably give his thoughts, even if planted in a thriller, some nonthriller attention. Yet if we do so now, after our Vietnam bust, we are apt to be struck by the poverty of imaginative political thought to be found behind the Kennedy philosophy of international relations, both as that philosophy was originally revealed in the affairs with Cuba and elsewhere, and as it is now suggested in Salinger's reconstruction.

One may wonder idly how well John Kennedy's reputation would have survived Vietnam and the Sixties if he had continued to uphold the Cold-War assumptions that underlay his Cuban decisions; but there is nothing idle about questioning those assumptions, here and now, as forces in the White House and both Parties. As Peter Passell says elsewhere in a review in this issue, America's defense policy has been "based on similar premises" through all the administrations since Hiroshima – and in this sense the Nixon White House is indistinguishable from the Kennedy White House or from any White House that Pierre Salinger might imagine for us. Meanwhile, however, youth and intellect the country over *have* been imagining a different White House, one that Salinger might not recognize.

As I read Salinger he is a sure-footed journalist, not a whiz of the imagination. What he has "created" is what he has read and heard. The result, planted in a thriller, is a thriller but a thriller so thoroughly grounded in fact as to remind the reader that the *real* minds in the Pentagon and the CIA, on the National Security Council and in the White House think as do Salinger's characters – think, that is, like James Bond. Salinger's book is strange but impressive evidence that life has come to imitate art in a way that the old French aesthetes who proposed the notion could hardly have prophesied; for the art imitated is a simplistic art of sharp blacks and whites, with all the sophistication built into action rather than thought or spirit, an art demanding clear resolutions, an art that nobody, not even Ian Fleming, has ever proposed as "serious." That art now confronts us on the tube constantly as an anachronism that won't go away, but in the Salinger book it confronts us as the art that life, after all, has chosen – which is worse yet.

The Salinger book thus seems strangely reactionary politically, a fact of some consequence even though it is a fact about a fiction. Youth and intellect have complained bitterly about both Johnson and Nixon for failing to comprehend the big world beyond America's borders – and accordingly for failing to change America's chauvinistic world stance, but here is evidence of the same failure of comprehension by a staunch Kennedy-ite, one who I assume wishes to pass the Kennedy legacy on. As a result *On Instructions of My Government* cannot be put aside as good bedside reading, which it is; it depressingly provokes thoughts of our need for a new way, a real shake-out. If it has a serious message, that message is inadvertent and unintended by Salinger; it is that we are in hot water whether a Kennedy *or* a Goldwater should occupy the White House.

Reed Whittemore

The Instinct of Caution

The Balance of Terror
A Guide to the Arms Race
by Edgar Bottome

(Beacon Press; $6.95)

Four thousand nuclear warheads in the megaton range are poised to be fired at the Soviet Union, at least half by ballistic missile. If just one-tenth of these weapons found their targets, seventy-five million people and most of the industrial capacity of the USSR would be destroyed. Surreal as these projections may appear, the Nixon administration is in the process of tripling our missile warhead capacity by 1973. Edgar Bottome's valuable book grimly summarizes the decisions of five Presidents which have nourished this obsession with nuclear tonnage.

American defense policy has undergone a number of facelifts since Hiroshima: Eisenhower's Massive Retaliation gave way to McNamara's Flexible Response, which in turn has been replaced by Nixon's Strategic Sufficiency. While these policies have varied quite significantly, Bottome argues they have all been based on similar premises. The USSR (and more recently, China) are assumed to be willing partners in strategic arms escalation, devoting their full energies to achieving military superiority over the United States.

Hence, Bottome recounts, in 1955 when the Soviets first displayed a long range jet capable of bombing Washington, it was perceived not as a deterrent to the vastly more powerful American bomber fleet, but as a bold new threat to Free World security. The fact that the Soviet Union might have had the capability to build a substantial bomber force led to Congressional demands for two thousand additional aircraft. The threatened bomber gap never came because the USSR never tried to create it. By the late fifties the United States had stretched its lead to perhaps five to one.

The special American logic on stra-

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tegic arms was applied once more to create the myth of the missile gap in the 1960 election. A successful Soviet ICBM test in 1957 was projected into a hypothetical fifteen hundred missiles by 1962. During those five years actual Soviet construction was under one hundred, while the United States built 450-500 ICBMs and the core of its invulnerable Polaris submarine force.

The response-to-hypothetical-threat scenario is being repeated in 1971 with the US installation of multiple-independently-targetable warheads (MIRVs) on existing Minutemen, the replacement of the Polaris fleet with MIRVed Poseidon missiles, and construction of ABMs to protect our land-based missiles. The USSR possesses the capability of a similar effort, but we have only Melvin Laird's word for it that they are planning the enterprise. One presumes that the USSR will eventually fulfill the Secretary's prophecy rather than accept "second-class" nuclear status, and another round will begin.

While Bottome's description of an arms race with only one dedicated contestant is enlightening, his explanation of the source of American zeal seems somewhat weaker. He attributes the drive for military superiority to a combination of defense contractor lobbying, interservice rivalry, and the incorrigible myopia of the Defense Establishment. While chauvinism and stupidity might explain the motives of the late Mendel Rivers, it is less satisfying when applied to Robert McNamara. Unfortunately, reasonable men have differed on the appropriate level of strategic arms; breaking the weapons syndrome requires more than a purge of the fools and scoundrels.

The cause of these differences lies in the inherent uncertainties of military deterrence. Since the Truman Administration, Defense Department officials have been quick to assert that the main function of strategic weapons is to discourage the other side from attacking first. Nuclear deterrence requires that we have a large and secure enough force to eliminate the aggressor's motive for preemption. This so-called Second Strike capability was widely believed in the Johnson Administration to have been the ability to destroy twenty percent of the Soviet population and fifty percent of its industry. By the mid-sixties this goal could probably have been achieved by any one of three weapons systems – manned bombers, land-based missiles, or Polaris submarines. Redundance in strategic force was created deliberately on the grounds that diversity meant extra security.

Each time the Soviet Union has appeared to have the technical capacity to challenge the stability of the American Second Strike, the Pentagon has taken no chances. This aversion to risk was considerably bolstered by the lobbying efforts of the military brass and their business counterparts. For example McNamara always got more hardware from Congress than he asked for. The difficulty of burying manned bomber projects and a completely obsolete ABM system in the sixties is a testament to the power of military-industrial porkbarreling. But the small possibility of a rapid change in the strategic balance has also weighed heavily on a generation of American politicians brought up on the Cold War. No bomber gap would ever have existed in the fifties, but one defensible position was to act as if the gap were about to appear. From the perspective of 1957, the missile gap might have become a reality; hindsight exposes the Defense Establishment less as con men than conservatives.

Once again a similar dilemma faces planners. If the USSR installs silo-cracking MIRVs at the maximum possible rate in the early seventies can we depend upon our Minuteman missiles to survive a first strike? The deterrent capacity of our manned bombers is becoming less realistic as Soviet air defenses become more sophisticated. Polaris submarines are invulnerable today, but could conceivably fall prey to a breakthrough in technology. Ultimately, small probabilities of miscalculation must be weighed against the large penalties of being wrong.

To compound the problem little of the technical information necessary to make rational choices filters its way through the Defense Establishment. Western Electric, a prime contractor on the ABM, hardly seems an unbiased authority on the feasibility of an anti-missile system. Is the Polaris fleet safe from attack? The Navy, hell-bent on a new fleet of the more advanced Poseidons, is reluctant to judge.

Thus much of the impetus for the arms race derives from a defensible, if wildly expensive, instinct of caution. The greed of missile contractors no doubt provides some additional thrust. The fact remains that a reduction in the arms race, even on a negotiated basis, implies some acceptance of risk. That risk is no doubt worthwhile, since it is not likely to be greater than the risk of continued escalation. But it is misleading to write off the opponents of specific arms control proposals as simply a coalition of professional Cold Warriors and military hardware contractors.

Peter Passell

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Age of Vonnegut

Cat's Cradle; God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater; Mother Night; Player Piano; The Sirens of Titan; Slaughterhouse-Five by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

(Delacorte; $6 per volume)

In 1952 Kurt Vonnegut's first novel got generally poor reviews. The books he published during the next decade weren't reviewed at all. But by 1966 he had become so popular that his novels were reissued. When *Slaughterhouse-Five* appeared two years later, almost everyone called it a masterpiece.

If a writer moves so completely from being unnoticeable to being unimpeachable, his rise becomes a chapter in social history. Recent articles on Vonnegut have, in fact, argued that his success is one of many boons brought by youthful suffrage. Only time can tell whether, as Benjamin Demott asserts, "the kids' lighting on Kurt Vonnegut is an undeservedly good break for the age." But though we can't yet know what Vonnegut has done for his youthful constituency, his books, at this very moment, tell us what he has done for literature.

First, he absorbed what preceded him. Like most advanced novelists in the modern period, Vonnegut deemphasizes plot and character while working for effects of emotional contradiction and intellectual ambiguity. He borrows the debased formulas of science fiction and comic books as a serious travesty of our present condition, whose silliness is also represented by one-dimensional grotesques impersonating people. Random structure facilitates digressions, which also preclude the emotional satisfactions of climax, denouement and uniformity of tone. As in his forebears, such technical features express a conviction: the world is incoherent and therefore can't be imitated through closed or univocal forms. Nothing so declares the modernity of Vonnegut as the shortness of his books, chapters and sentences. Jabs to the intellectual and emotional solar plexus are intended; if we judge by his admirers, the intention is achieved.

But Vonnegut's predecessors believed that life's sound and fury indicated an idiot creation; Vonnegut only seems to believe this. His work can therefore accommodate the opposite tradition of parable, where scrutability – – indeed, certainty – is assumed. So far from being a skeptical modern, Vonnegut is a sententious old salt in ontological drag. When stripped, his books show the homeliness beneath the gewgaws.

That is clearest in Vonnegut's first novel, a sort of *Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* as it might have been revised by George Orwell. Despite its futurist setting, *Player Piano* is a Luddite tract, featuring a protagonist who worries, in the approved manner of '50's best-sellers, that integrity isn't compatible with an affluent lifestyle. *The Sirens of Titan*, published seven years later and far less ingenuous, portrays the human voyage as a plot hatched by a foreign planet seeking a spare part for one of its emissary's spaceships. But alongside this amusing dramatization of absurdity is a testimonial to love as earnest and ineloquent as any to be found in the contemporaneous plays of Tennessee Williams. Malachi Constant, a one-time selfish hedonist, sums it up on a final page: "It took us . . . an Earthling year . . . to realize that a purpose of human life, no matter who is controlling it, is to love whoever is around to be loved." *Mother Night* (1961) is a *Mad* fable of utter depravity in which contending figures reveal their common denominator of fraudulence. But its narrator's lavishly displayed self-loathing mitigates and ultimately contradicts the theme. *Cat's Cradle* (1963) ends with an apocalypse, but not before it memorializes a long speech that takes the boom out of the bang. *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater* and *Slaughterhouse-Five* don't even pretend to find life meaningless. The earlier novel, out of Dostoyevsky by Terry Southern, concerns a saintly millionaire whom society deems a lunatic; its successor, despite sci-fi gingerbread and modish antinovel flourishes, is as plain and relentless as the Sunday sermon against war in your local Congregational church.

Vonnegut's metaphysical skepticism cuts no deeper than the jingle to which it is so easily reduced in *Cat's Cradle:*

> Tiger got to hunt,
> Bird got to fly;
> Man got to sit and wonder, "Why, why, why?"
> Tiger got to sleep,
> Bird got to land;
> Man got to tell himself he understand.

Inadvertently, Vonnegut proves his own ironic thesis, for his books are littered with the stale fruits of received wisdom: machines are bad, but farming is good; rich people don't deserve their wealth, which the poor could have if they knew the right tricks, life passes human understanding but not our powers of enjoyment; war is bad for people, who'd do better to love each other.

Beneath Vonnegut's agnostic surface lurks a sententiousness that cracks through as aphorism, but the aphorisms emerge sounding battered from the effort. Like all bogus talents, Vonnegut's exposes itself by its own devices. His style, for example, falsely struts, as in the opening chapter of *Slaughterhouse-Five*, when he says he was able to return to the city his compatriots fire-bombed "with Guggenheim money (God love it)." We are meant to gasp that a guilty man can be so candidly opportunistic, but the remark's humor depends on our awareness of self-contempt. Here, from *Mother Night*, is a better example of Vonnegut's specious air of cynicism (and, incidentally, of his factitious power, recalling poetry "found" when prose is typed as verse):

> It wasn't that Helga and I were crazy about Nazis. I can't say, on the other hand, that we hated them. They were a big enthusiastic part of our audience, important people in the society in which we lived.
>
> They were people.
>
> Only in retrospect can I think of them as trailing slime behind.
>
> To be frank – I can't think of them as doing that even now. I knew them too well as people, worked too hard in my time for their trust and applause.

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Too hard.
Amen.
Too hard.

Vonnegut is celebrated for his power of invention, but he is uninventive to the point of repetition. Not only do names of places and characters continuously reappear; so also do devices within a single novel (the hero's marital failure in *Player Piano*, for example, is drummed home when his half-hearted "I love you"s invariably provoke his wife's insincere "I love *you*"s), and a good plot premise is never permitted a respectable burial once it's been used (though Vonnegut's memory sometimes does only half the job: a Nazi in *Cat's Cradle* is mocked for seeking to assuage war guilt through good deeds, whereas Rosewater is apotheosized for the same program). Each of Vonnegut's novels melodramatically pits a square who is adjusted to society (Paul Proteus, Malachi Constant, Dr. Hoenniker, Norman Mushari) against a superman who, though not impeccable, tends to improve his adversary (Fred Finnerty, Rumfoord, Bokon, Rosewater). Even phrases do double duty; the famous "so it goes," which forms the litany of *Slaughterhouse-Five*, was first heard in *Mother Night*. In his modernist forebears, repetition becomes incremental and thematic (as in Faulkner or even in Updike); in Vonnegut, they express not a way of seeing but a way of frugally husbanding the little one has been able to imagine.

There is another problem with Vonnegut's fantasy. Because he wants to do more than purvey fanciful entertainment, Vonnegut sticks close to the possible, but when – as frequently happens – he fails, satire is reduced to the futile mockery of invented targets. Can we believe *(Mother Night)* that an 18-year-old Israeli would not even have heard of Goebbels, or *(Sirens)* – while allowing for poetic exaggeration – that one can corner the market by buying into corporations whose names correspond to the first letters of all the words in the opening of *Genesis*, or that a scientist shows his obliviousness by tipping his wife after she serves him breakfast *(Cat's Cradle)*? A student in the *Harvard Crimson* provides the answer: "the whole idea is funny because we know it could happen."

To appreciate Vonnegut you have to be preconvinced; this saves the artist from the terrible bother of art. How else to explain that the irony of *Cat's Cradle* seems comprehensible? Since Vonnegut alternately identifies Bokonism (the book's message) with good and evil, truth and lies, irony is impossible because irony is saying the reverse of what one believes. To read *Cat's Cradle* we have actually to know the author's convictions in advance so that we can spot them even when they are fudged. Which means that we have to have read a lot of Vonnegut, which means that we are probably already hooked on him.

This dependence on an audience that demands no exertion is a terrible sort of arrogance – and arrogant Vonnegut's books are, despite their pretense of modesty. Referring to himself as an "old fart" who merely does his thing, Vonnegut holds far higher estimations of his work and talent, as becomes apparent whenever his alter-ego, Kilgore Trout, appears. In *Rosewater* Trout is called "a frightened aging Jesus, whose sentence to crucifixion has been commuted to imprisonment for life." Since he writes books very much like those of Vonnegut, this description amounts to the author's ar-

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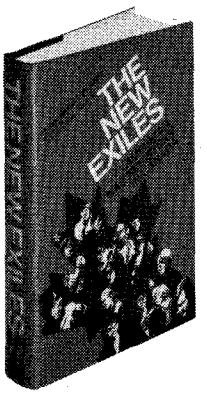

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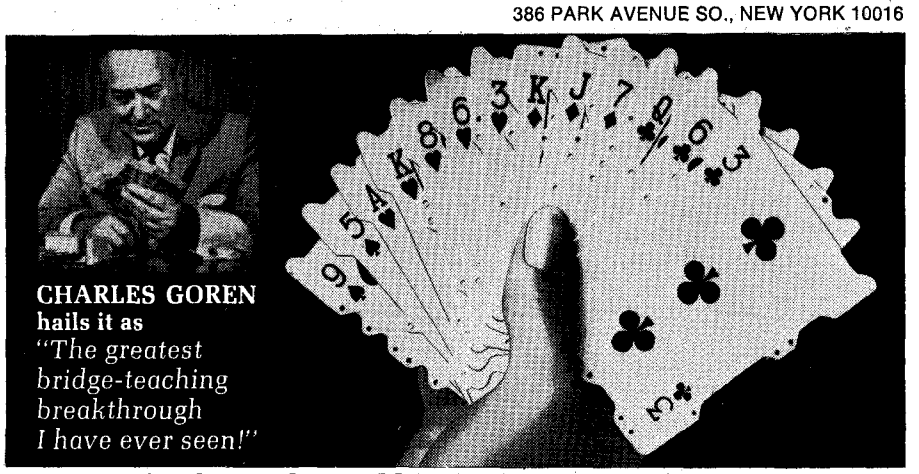

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rogation to himself of the rights of religious vocation; but, after all, "Trout had never tried to tell anything but the truth." By *Slaughterhouse-Five*, Vonnegut's egotism has attained a magnitude impossible to ignore, but it was present, in smaller shape, from the beginning: *Player Piano* asserts that a novel with the same theme would surely be rejected in the anti-Utopia it envisions.

Like any writer who pleases a large audience, Vonnegut has his virtues: gimmicks that work, bright observations, some good jokes. But, as Gertrude Stein noted, remarks aren't literature; and they certainly don't produce major reputations. Vonnegut appeals because he has wed the styles of modern skepticism and later "cool" to a mitigating earnestness. That he is beloved by youngsters isn't difficult to understand. His own spiritual age is late adolescence: the time when a flip manner often disguises priggishness, when skepticism is just a hedge against vulnerability, when prejudice disdains the search for proof and inexperience limits one's power to imagine, when confidence in one's special distinction reveals itself in the very fervor with which it is denied and the herding instinct asserts a need for independence. That Vonnegut is beloved by critics (and presumably adult readers) is more disconcerting. For them, he provides an easy bridge from an age of skepticism and baffled hope to one of faith in any nostrum that bears the certifications of novelty and youth. Moreover, he provides this bridge without requiring his adult readers to change the style – the trappings of modernism – as well as the content of their belief. Vonnegut lets us have things both ways. He is important not in his effect but as a symptom. He can tell us nothing worth knowing except what his rise itself indicates: ours is an age in which adolescent ridicule can become a mode of upward mobility.

Charles Thomas Samuels

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Up and Over

The Buried Life by Midge Turk

(Harper & Row; $6.95)

Up and over the convent wall: the genre of such memoirs, autobiographies, biographies and fictional accounts is plump and becoming better nourished every year. For some reason there appears to be profound secular interest in first-hand accounts of what goes on ("went on" might perhaps be more accurate now) in convents, and almost insatiable curiosity about why nuns leave. For every Monica Baldwin and Katherine Hulme there have been ten more obscure authors of such confessions, thin, discreet volumes enumerating the tight-lipped, heartless cruelties of Mother Superiors, the petty little secret vengeances of envious or spiritually arid or psychically disturbed sorors, the flesh-bloodying flagellations and excoriating acts of penance.

Midge Turk, a prematurely youthful-looking, handsome, forty-one-year-old former member of the Order of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, has written a memoir of her life, as a novice and then a fully professed sister, from the day she "entered," a frightened eighteen-year-old, until her recent exit into the New York world of fashion magazines. She "came out" with three hundred other members of her Order, all victims of episcopal resistance to *aggiornamento* in their way of life. But, as she tells it, her nun's story is not essentially a part of this mass movement for freedom but rather the all-too-customary modern saga of an unfulfilled human existence buried in ritual, rubric, custom and religious obedience.

This is religious autobiography with a difference, however. While there is very little doubt in most observers' minds that the Catholic religious vocation, formed in the Middle Ages and preserved almost intact into the post-conciliar world, is rapidly metamorphosizing into more lively and lifelike forms, or else disappearing entirely as the elderly resisters fail to be replaced, Midge Turk finds it possible to pay tribute to the positive values of her vocation. Unlike many of her rebellious predecessors, she recognizes the extraordinary strength of one of her superiors and the inestimable importance to her of an exceptional priest who was her mentor. She is even able to look back at flagellant devices and spiked armbands with some astonishing charity mixed with some satire: "Such things were supported by the unquestioned tradition of formal religious life. In their rightful context, they served a serious purpose and seemed no more horrifying than, say, a circumcision rite for teenaged girls as practiced in the prescribed customs of certain primitive tribes." In retrospect she feels real compassion for her fellow nuns: "Almost all the nuns I knew were dedicated individuals. They hadn't chosen religious life on a whim. Chastity was a rule of the life they had chosen, they believed in its glory, and they lived it."

For a long time Sister Agnes Marie (Midge Turk's name in religious life) was happy, working an inhuman schedule, teaching every hour she wasn't producing plays, performing all the extracurricular household duties of a religious, leading a full prayer and worship life, hardly sleeping or eating at all. But still she is able to remember: "I was growing every day; I was at home with the rules; I was stimulated and challenged . . ." She found it possible to dismiss tales of the Vatican's great financial resources – "It seems to me much too easy to put the Church down for its alleged wealth" – while she lived her vocation completely and believed in her faith. Only once did she permit herself to wonder mildly why it was that "on the whole we practiced greater charity and greater concern for those outside our community than for those within."

Until Vatican II, that curious rip in the Trentine tapestry of the Church that tore it all, her life was exhausting but fulfilling. But once the Church started to move, in Eliot's hippopotamus-like slow motion, into the modern world, the IHMs began to examine

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their own lives, and their Cardinal McIntyre began to examine *their* mode of life when they applied to the Vatican for a relaxation of some of the rules under which they had been living, and an abandonment of some others. Sister Agnes knew even then that "the IHMs were really pioneers in the spirit of renewal in the Church," but it was clear with the first deep fissure of criticism and reform that the whole rigid, repetitive mode of life would collapse.

Two-thirds of the nuns, under the weight of their new vision, left the Order, not necessarily to marry or "live it up," as one unhappy priest once described the exodus to me, but in many cases to seek other devoted, secular forms of religious dedication to the service of their fellow men, outside the cribbed and confining walls of a convent, and beyond the crabbed grasp of the Cardinal's control.

No great literature, this book, not even a fair model of prose style, and surely not the result of editorial care in the avoidance of cliché, but then the very subject has itself become a stereotype and so the stale verbiage is often inevitable. There are somewhat tedious catalogues of unessential matters, like the complicated dressing procedures of nuns, but again, let me backtrack and retrieve this criticism: perhaps such pages *do* satisfy some lingering curiosity about the hidden details of nuns' lives. The book succeeds in doing some small things well. It gives some welcome due to traditional religious values at the same time as it shows sympathy with the most recent heroes of Catholicism: Dan Berrigan, Corita Kent and the Reverend Mother Humilata, now become Anita Gaspary, president of the Order who is leading her hundreds of lay missionaries into new forms of life and work.

Doris Grumbach

The Gowld Standard

Your Mirror to My Times: The Selected Autobiographies and Impressions of Ford Maddox Ford Edited by Michael Killigrew

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $10.00)

Mr. Killigrew's purpose has been to make available again some of the pleasures of Ford's ten volumes of memories and impressions that are now quite unobtainable. (Mr. Killigrew quotes something from all but one of them.) Anyone who has known the pleasure of reading these books will be glad to see a taste of their quality made generally available again. "My true intent," Ford once said of them, "is only for your delight." It is an intent he comes closer to realizing than most writers.

Mr. Killigrew has arranged his selections in roughly chronological order, according to the time in Ford's life they refer to. I'm not sure this plan will work for a reader not fairly well informed about Ford. Such selections, made primarily for their intrinsic interest, leave great gaps in Ford's life and are often closely concerned with matters the reader knows little about, such as the history of *The English Review* or of Vorticism. Perhaps it is ungrateful to quarrel in this way with Mr. Killigrew when he has done more for these books than anyone else. Still, when you know what his selections sound like in context, when you have felt the fascination of the special design Ford gives that context in books like *Return to Yesterday* and *It Was the Nightingale* it is hard not to want the books themselves. The unanswerable retort to that wish no doubt is that a publisher could be found for this selection but not for the books themselves.

In any event, there is God's plenty in what Mr. Killigrew does give us. There

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is a host of wonderful anecdotes, such as the story of the Victorian gentleman who met in the Strand a lion that had escaped from the menagerie at Exeter Change. "I said, 'What did you do?' and he looked at me with contempt as if the question were imbecile. 'Do?' he said. 'Why, I took a cab.'" There are the recreations of colorful characters such as Ford's nurse, Atterbury, with her vivid, Gothic imagination.

> "When I lived with meyuncle Power in the Minories time of the Crimea Wower, meyuncle let 'is top front to a master saddler. N wen wower broke out the master saddler e worked niteanday, niteanday for sevin weeks without stop er stay. N e took is saddles to the Wower Orfis n drawed his pay. All in gowlden sovrins in a Gledstun beg. N wen e got ome e cut is froat on the top front landin n the blood n the gowld run down the staircase together like the awtificial cascades in Battersea Pawk." [I have quoted this passage as it appears in Ford's *Return to Yesterday*, not as it appears in Holt, Rinehart and Winston's "improved" version.]

Most marvelous of all are the character sketches of writers and artists, of the poets and painters of Ford's youth like Swinburne and Turgenev and his own grandfather, Ford Madox Brown, and of his contemporaries such as James and Conrad, Wells and Galsworthy, Crane and Hudson, Pound and Lawrence. Here again his gift for inventing convincing dialogue stands him in good stead, as when, for instance, he represents Henry James reporting the happy conclusion of a long and harrowing search for a housekeeper.

> "As the German Emperor is said to say about his mostachio, *'it is accomplished.'* . . . All from now onwards shall, I am assured, be with me gas and gingerbread. . . . Halcyon days, halcyon days. In short, ahem. . . . I . . . interviewed a Lady who, except for one trifling – let us not say defect but let us express it 'let or hindrance' to what I will permit myself to call the perfect union, the continuing *lune de miel* . . . except for that, then, she appeared the perfect, the incredible, the except for the pure-in-heart, unattainable She. . . . But upon delicate enquiry . . . oh, I assure you, enquiry of the *most* delicate . . . for the obstacle was no less than that on reckoning up the tale of her previous 'situations' . . . as twenty years with the Earl of Breadalbane, thirty years with Sir Ponsonby Peregrine Perowne, forty with the Right Honourable the Lord Bishop of Tintagel and Camelot . . . on reckoning up the incredible tale of years it appeared that she must be of the combined ages of Methuselah and the insupportable Mariner – not of your friend Conrad, but of the author of *Kubla Khan*. But upon investigation it appeared that this paragon and phoenix actually was and in consequence will, to the end of recorded time, remain, exactly the same age as" . . . and he took three precise, jaunty steps to the rear, laid his hand over his heart and made a quick bow . . . *"myself. . . ."*

It is evident that Ford did not remember for thirty years or so the exact words James used. This is a speech invented in the manner of James. In much the same way, nearly everything else in these books is invented in the manner of the people Ford is talking about. They represent, these "reminiscences," a novel, perhaps questionable genre that is nevertheless, in Ford's hands, wonderfully entertaining. It is a sort of fictionalized autobiography in which scarcely a single fact is true, though nearly every alleged fact bears some distant relation to an actual one, in which every actual event is "improved" in order to bring out what Ford feels to be the distinguishing characteristics of the man or the occasion under discussion. It is perhaps a little awkward that the most systematically improved of Ford's characters is Ford himself, who always appears in an admirable posture, much as does Ernest Hemingway in *A Moveable Feast* – where there is also much mean-minded denigration of others (including Ford who, Hemingway asserts, smelled) of a kind Ford was far too generous and affectionate a man to be capable of.

We ought to be grateful to Mr. Killigrew for making these amusing fragments from Ford's reminiscences available; and perhaps we can now begin to hope that the whole of such enchanting books as *Return to Yesterday* and *It Was the Nightingale* will also become available.

Arthur Mizener

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

PETER PASSELL *teaches economics at Columbia.* CHARLES THOMAS SAMUELS'S *book,* The Ambiguity of Henry James, *will be published in the fall.* DORIS GRUMBACH *has published three novels and one book of criticism on Mary McCarthy.* ARTHUR MIZENER'S *biography of Ford Maddox Ford,* The Saddest Story, *was published in March.*

Correspondence

Protecting the Consumer

Sirs:

I strongly disagree with the contention of Simon Lazarus (Advocates for the Consumer – Who's the Boss," May 29, 1971), that a consumer advocate, operating out of an independent Federal Consumer Protection Agency, cannot be effective. As the principal author of H.R. 14 – to create such an agency – permit me to state my views on the matter:

(1) Mr. Lazarus argues that the advocate's first obligation would be not so much to consumers as to the President who appointed him and who is politically sensitive and vulnerable to anticonsumer interests. As proof of this assertion, he constructs an elaborate analogy between the political difficulties now experienced by poverty lawyers within the government and the mission of the proposed consumer advocate. The analogy is false.

The sad reality of life is that government advocacy for the poor is unpopular among middle Americans and their representatives in Congress and suffers from the absence of an articulate constituency. Consumer advocacy, on the other hand, enjoys great popularity in both quarters and enjoys widespread and vocal support throughout the country. In short, presidential pressures on a governmental consumer advocate would be more than offset by pressures coming from a consumer agency's constituency. The Adminis-

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trator of the Environmental Protection Agency, the Comptroller General of the US and the Commissioner of Consumer Affairs for New York City, are examples of Executive-appointed administrators who have done a good job against special interest pressures because of broad public support for their missions.

(2) Mr. Lazarus argues for an organizational arrangement where a governmental consumer advocate could contract out his responsibility to private consumer groups; or, similarly, where the government would simply underwrite the costs of private consumer advocacy on a case-by-case basis – "just as courts do with indigent criminal defendants." Such a plan is impracticable. Congress simply will not authorize or appropriate money for such a venture. Mr. Lazarus cites the fact that "The SEC has long awarded counsel fees for the representation of unorganized classes of securities holders in corporate reorganizations." What Mr. Lazarus failed to state is that these counsel fees are paid by the corporation being reorganized – not with public money appropriated by Congress!

Unlike representation of indigent defendants in criminal cases, consumer representation often requires a vast knowledge of economic data, marketplace facts and corporate information that is beyond the resources of any private attorney or public interest group to assemble. Only a consumer agency, staffed with economists, scientists and lawyers and with information-gathering powers can provide the back-up necessary to effective consumer advocacy.

Benjamin S. Rosenthal, MC
Washington, DC

Buying Stocks

Sirs:

On April 28, 1970, President Nixon said, "Frankly, if I had any money I'd be buying stocks right now." On May 16, 1970, TRB found time to comment, "Dow Jones was at 747 then; as this is written it's down to 709."

It is now one year since the President's comment, and the Dow Jones Index is over 900.

Caspar W. Weinberger
Deputy Director
Office of Management and Budget

Kauffmann, *from page 26*

But he casts his net wider than Hamsun, and the doggedness with which he clings to his four characters, as if his life depended on chewing the life out of them and onto the stage, at last overcomes the touch of the poetaster.

The recurrent dynamic device of the play is outburst and apology. Over and over a character explodes, provokes an angry response, then subsides and recants. By this method O'Neill reveals things that would otherwise lie hidden and also provides a texture of conflict for a day's events that are not in themselves highly dramatic. The figurative shape of the play is thus a series of arcs, but the base line of the arcs goes deeper and deeper. Although the play is rarely moving and never exalting like the great Greeks, its utter commitment and its absolute insistence take it past its faults, even past its virtues, to the place of great art: the place where we look *back* at life.

The present production is sketchy. First, the setting is maladroit. The Promenade Theater has a fairly shallow stage, and the designers Elmon Webb and Virginia Dancy make it shallower. They have put a staircase at back, thus shifting the playing area even further downstage. Why wouldn't it have been possible to simulate the staircase behind a center entrance, thus adding a good four feet of depth to the playing area? As is, the drama seems to be taking place on a furnished shelf.

And Arvin Brown, the director, underscores the narrowness from the first moment. James and Mary Tyrone enter arm in arm, then they have to part so that she can go ahead, single-file, into their own living room!

That's not the last of Brown's clumsy staging, but his chief defects are in the character concepts, out of which the "arcs" arise and which thus make the play. Centrally, the trouble is with Robert Ryan, the Tyrone. If Tyrone is not the personification of an old romantic actor, then he is neither himself as a man nor the source of much of the bitterness and gesture of the play. The primary point about those old actors is that they were conscious of style offstage as well as on, that they considered themselves a race apart from other mortals. In fact it was O'Neill's hatred of that theater in his father that made him the kind of writer he was; and certainly the attitudes behind the father's life style are es-

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sential to the play's tensions. Ryan just slumps around in a concave way, without any richness of physical or vocal line, and leaves the part bare, theatrically and thematically. (Philip Bosco might make a fine Tyrone!)

James Naughton is a moderately pleasant Edmund but has no touch of the buried blaze that O'Neill was celebrating in himself. Stacy Keach works well as James, Jr., handicapped by our memory of Jason Robards in the one part that fit him. Keach is good enough but never gets the heartbreaking acid of Robards' ambivalence toward his kid brother.

The exception to all the above, and a very happy surprise, is the Mary of Geraldine Fitzgerald, an actress whose past performances had not raised expectation high. Here she is lovely. Her defensive web of smiles and her sense of being lost within the mazes of herself create this sad woman for us. In the very last speech of the play, the drugged and dreamy Mary remembers her girlhood in the convent, how her youth and religious vocation ended: "I fell in love with James Tyrone and was so happy for a time." Fitzgerald pauses slightly before the last three words; and the way she speaks the final phrase is what I'll cherish from this production.

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